



J. Paul's Guide to Town



J. Paul's Guide to Town

WOMAN's WIT:

OR, THE 3

LADY in FASHION.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL;

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

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Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

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— *Careat successibus opto;  
Quisquis ab Eventu, Facta notanda putat.* Ovid.

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M. DCC. XXXVI.

THE VENATION

MURKIN

NOTES AND QUERIES





# THE P R E F A C E.



HIS Play not having answered the Ends of my Writing it, the Reader, I presume, may reasonably expect that (according to Custom) I should endeavour to demonstrate that they who dislik'd it are either Fools, or Poets: Now my sole Dependance being the Judgment of an Audience, 'twere Madness in me to provoke 'em. And I may with more Safety, and less Trouble, persuade them into a good Opinion of their Sense, than my own. 'Tis dangerous to quarrel with a whole Town, as 'tis difficult to please 'em; there is no appealing to *Apollo's* Court, after an illegal Sentence from them, their Will is Law, and 'tis but reasonable it should be so, since they pay for their Power.

I am willing to stand to my Prayer in my *Prologue*, and to acknowledge it has had a favourable Fate: I intended (but I had some considerable Hinderances, which the Reader shall know presently) to have made the Town some Amends in this Play for their

extraordinary Favours to my First: For I am so far from that Vanity of thinking myself considerable enough to have receiv'd any Prejudice from my Enemies, that I am ready to acknowledge 'twas Want of Merit in the Play, not Understanding in its Audience, that made it meet with no kinder Reception. All I propose is to lay down some Excuses why it is not more deserving. But tho' I am ready to confess its Defects, yet I would willingly be thought able to mend them. My first Hindrance was my Want of Time; for rather than lose a Winter (the Profits of my other being so considerable) I forc'd myself to invent a Fable: Now my first was spontaneous, and consequently more easy: The one was the kindly Product of my Fancy, this of my Judgment: (I mean of that little Judgment I have) That was a Cherry gather'd in July; this was merely ripen'd by Artifice in April, 'twill hardly admit of a Dispute, which must of Consequence have the more natural and pleasing Taste.

Another Hindrance was my too nice Observation of Regularity (which tho' I pretend not exactly to have follow'd, yet perhaps I am something nearer than most of our late Comedies) the Scene never breaking in any Act but the Third, and then not to an unreasonable Distance, nor without a necessitous

THE P R E F A C E.

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necessitous Occasion : The Time I think is obviously comprehended in five Hours. But this Confinement is a great Hindrance to Variety of Incidents, which provided they are natural after they are brought in, I think may very reasonably divert us, without observing that Strictness. And tho' I am ready to grant that a good Play is much the better for being regular ; yet on the other side, it must be allow'd a double Art and Labour to make it both regular and diverting, and of the Two, truly I don't see but Men of the greatest Sense had rather have their Fancies pleas'd, than their Judgment ; and I can't help wishing, tho' too late, that I had given a looser Rein to the former.

Another Inconvenience was, that during the Time of my Writing the two first Acts, I was entertain'd in the New Theatre, and of Course prepar'd my Characters to the Taste of those Actors, and they having the two most experienc'd, I might there (without discouraging the People of this House) have expected a more Masterly Performance. In the middle of my Writing the Third Act, not liking my Station there, I return'd again to the Theatre Royal, and was then forc'd, as far as I could with Nature, to confine the Business of my Persons to the Capacity of different People ; and not to miss the Advantage of Mr. Dogget's excellent Action, I

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prepar'd a low Character, which (tho' I dare not recommend it to the Reader) I knew from him cou'd not fail of diverting ; I have seen him play with more Success I own, but ne'er saw any Man wear a truer Face of Nature ; and indeed the two last Acts were much better perform'd than I cou'd have propos'd in that other House ; the Difference is only this, had it been there, I had propos'd some Scenes more of a Piece with the former Acts : But however, the Performance of the whole was better than my Expectation from so thin, and I may add, so uncertain a Company : For we are no more sure of the honest Endeavours of some that are honestly paid, than they are of Bread when they leave us : I was forc'd to write to the Mouths of those I knew wou'd speak as well as they cou'd, and not think themselves above Instruction : Every one did their best, and I thank 'em : But however a Fort is in a very poor Condition, that (in a time of General War) has but an handful of raw young Fellows to maintain it.



T H E



# THE PROLOGUE.

MOST Authors, when their barren Labours fail,  
Still let their secret Vanity prevail ; }  
And when they're damn'd by you, turn Wits, and rail.  
'Tis not, say they, our writing well or ill,  
But as the Town's i'th' mood, of damning still ; }  
Sense, Humour, Wit, and Plot, tho' ne'er so nice,  
All take the Tincture from their vain Caprice : }  
Their weak Digestion, and their sickly Taste,  
Nauseates this Hour, what feasted 'em the last.  
Our generous Soul now's of another Mind,  
He thinks you are to Mercy well inclin'd ; }  
Show you a Beauty, and you'll soon be kind.  
Nor do you care from whence the Charmer springs,  
Let her soft Voice but please you while she sings.  
By blest Experience this our Author knows,  
Tho' from the Stage his humble Muse arose.  
Your Approbation was so kindly shown,  
It swell'd so high, — you swore 'twas not his own.  
But tho' it were, you still thought fit to spare  
The Tree, for what it might hereafter bear ; }  
Nor damn'd the Poet for the worthless Player.  
This Thought confirms him, if he fails you now,  
He must his Fate to want of Merit owe,  
And thinks the greatest Merit is in pleasing you.  
You'll pay him well, if you approve the Feast,  
And you are sure best Judges of your Taste ; }  
If he can please — }  
You'll hardly starve him by a spiteful Fast.  
He hopes the best, but does your Judgments trust,  
Or save, or damn his Play, he'll think you Just.



# THE PERSONS.

## M E N.

L O R D Lovemore, in Love with	Mr. Harland.
Leonora,	
Longville, in Love with Olivia,	Mr. Cibber.
Major Rakish, an old Rake-hell,	Mr. Penkethman.
Jack Rakish, his Son and Companion,	Mr. Powel.
Mess <sup>s</sup> Johnny, Lady Manlove's Son, a	Mr. Dogget.
Disobedient School-boy,	
Father Benedic, his Governor, a	Mr. Smeaton.
Priest,	
Laguerre, Valet to Longville,	—

## W O M E N.

Lady Manlove, a designing old Lady,	Mrs. Powel.
Leonora, her Daughter, a Coquet,	Mrs. Knight.
Emilia, Longville's Sister, secretly in	Mrs. Rogers.
Love with Lord Lovemore,	
Olivia, her Friend, engag'd to Longville,	Mrs. Cibber.
Trifle, Woman to Leonora,	—
Letice, Woman to Lady Manlove,	Mrs. Kent.

## Servants and Waiters.

The SCENE St. James's, and the Time of Action,  
Five Hours.



# WOMAN's WIT:

OR, THE  
**LADY in FASHION.**

**A C T I,**  
**S C E N E, An Anti-Chamber.**

Enter Longville, in his Night-Gown, his Valet waiting.

Lon. *Agueche !*  
L. Sir !  
Lon. Is my Sister stirring ?  
La. I saw her in the Garden  
above an Hour ago, Sir; I believe  
she is now in her Closet.

Lon. Leave Word with her Woman I am alone, and  
when she comes out, desire to speak with her. [Exit  
Laguerre.] I have observed of late, she has lost her  
Gaiety, is much alone, and last Night, when I in-  
formed her of my Lord Lovemore's Constancy to the un-  
grateful Leonora, she express'd a soft Concern, that seem'd  
to flow from somewhat more than common Pity.  
'Twould trouble me to know she lov'd a Man, who  
every Moment begs that Pity from another, she want-  
from him; a Man whose Virtues are his Ruin, who  
never doing ill himself, thinks it the highest Crime

12 W O M A N ' s W I T : Or,  
to doubt the Conduct of his Mistress. I have often  
strode to wake him from his Lethargy, and am still re-  
solv'd while there is Hopes, never to give him o'er.  
About this time I expect to hear from him—Who's  
there?

Re-enter Laguerre.

La. Sir, my Lady will wait on you.

Lon. 'Tis well ! has no one been to speak with me this Morning ?

La. Only Mr. Perrwit, Sir, the Author of the last new Play ; he has left his Dedication, and says, he will dine with you.

Lon. 'The Devil's in that Fellow ; I find it's as dangerous to say a civil thing to a dull Poet, as to an old Lady : For they are equally sure to libel your Judgment, by telling the World, you like both their Face and Fancy : When he comes, give him Ten Guineas, and let me hear no more of him.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here is a Letter for you.

Lon. Who brought it ?

Foot. A Servant from Madam Olivia.

Lon. Bid him stay.

[Exit. Footman.]

(Reads)

" I shall be in Town about Three o'Clock, (if my Lady Manlove can spare you) you will know where to find Olivia.  
Kenfington, Wednesday Morning.

If my Lady Manlove can spare me ! so, if she grudges another my Company, 'tis a Sign that she has a Mind to it : I'll appoint her a Meeting, and laugh at her groundless Jealousy : Nay, I know she won't spare herself, when she reflects how fair a Declaration she has made me.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Emilia, sola.

Emi. Neither Devotion, Honour, Reason, Patience, or Complaints, can stop the Fever of my distemper'd Thoughts : Despair, and Love, like double Poisons, swell my Soul, yet with alternate Heat and Cold refuse to kill, and spitefully support a wretched Being ! — Was ever Maid thus cruelly pursu'd by an unhappy Passion ! To see the Man ador'd, still prostrate at my Rival's Feet, while her dissembled Coyness but inflames him more ! — They talk of Mens Despair ! their Racks, and Tortures ! those are Pleasures, to the Torments of a Woman's secret Love ! for they have still the Privilege of Speech, of soft Complaints, and dying Murmurs : But we, (hard Fate !) are ev'n condemned by Nature's Laws, to an eternal Secrecy. For Love can never break the Prison of a Virgin's Breast, while Modesty and rigid Honour are its Gaolers. O Lovemore ! why wert thou born to wrong thyself, and ruin me ?

Enter Longville.

Lon. Sister, good Morrow ! I have a Present for you. [Gives her a Writing.] — Laguerre, Give this Letter to the Servant below. [Exit Laguerre.]

Emi. What's here ? Pray Brother, double the Favour, and without giving me the Trouble of a tedious Perusal, let me know the Contents of it.

Lon. 'Tis your Portion, Sister.

Emi. My Portion !

Lon. 'Tis true, my Father left you to my Care, and by his Will, gave you Ten Thousand Pound, provided, my Consent were not wanting to your Marriage : Now, I know there must be an Uneasiness, where there is the least Confinement : Therefore, to free you from all Doubt, and that your Fear of my Consent may no way check your Inclinations, I here resign my Interest in your Fortune ; when you can find a Man, whose Merit

challenges

W O M A N ' S W I T : Or,  
challenges your Esteem, or whose faithful Passion claims  
your Pity, be lavish in your Gratitude, and crown his  
Wishes with your Bed and Fortune.

*Emi.* In every thing, you show yourself the best and  
kindest Brother still : But yet, I hope, 'twill not displease  
you, if I return your Present : Marriage is a dangerous  
Journey ; Love's a blind Guide, and those that follow  
him, too often lose their Way. No ! when I love, it  
shall be with Security, your Opinion shall first encourage  
and protect me.

*Lon.* But Love, *Emilia*, is a Tyrant absolute, and ne-  
ver waits for fawcy Counsel : The Time may come,  
when you will wish your Fortune at your own Disposal !  
D'ee believe it impossible you shou'd ever love ?

*Emi.* Ha ! I am betray'd ! his Words, his Looks,  
have quite disarmed me ! [Aside.] Why, Brother, do you  
ask so strange a Question, that I shou'd ever love ! You  
know I am a Woman, not cruel in my Nature, and  
have a Heart, which when you advise me to dispose, I  
shall not rather die than part with it.

*Lon.* And are you sure, you have not ? Did you never  
love, *Emilia* ?

*Emi.* That Word has ruin'd me ! Oh never let me  
see the Day again ! [Aside.]

*Lon.* Ha ! she is disorder'd ! Then my Fears are true :  
[Aside.] Why are you surpriz'd ? I charge you with no  
Guilt, *Emilia*.

*Emi.* O ! I beg you ask no more. [Turns away.]

*Lon.* Ha ! no more ; nay, then I must have all ! Dear  
*Emilia*, think me not a faithless Guardian, that wou'd  
take a base Advantage of thy Love : Look on me as I am,  
thy careful Brother, that thinks his Life no longer use-  
ful, than in serving thee : Nay, ev'n in thy Love I'll  
serve thee, and hope 'tis in my Power too : Come, lay  
aside thy Fears, and reason calmly with me.

*Emi.* Reason with you ! Why do you wish me plung'd  
in deeper Misery ? For Reason ever sets a wild Despair  
before me.

*Lon.* Do not indulge these melancholy Thoughts ; name me the Man, that thus disturbs thee ! and only

*Emi.* Then indeed, you will pity me ! — I owe my Weakness to your nearest Friend.

*Lon.* I think, my Lord *Leviembre* is my nearest !

*Emi.* Indeed, he best deserves that Happiness.

*Lon.* But such a Friend will never make my Sister wretched.

*Emi.* Alas ! His Love, which sure out-weighs his Friendship, aims every Hour to make another happy.

*Lon.* His Love, *Emilia*, is grounded on your Rival's Virtue, and judge yourself, how weak is that Foundation.

*Emi.* I grant she is inconstant, loose, and dangerous, as the Sand ; yet his Eye, the false Optick of his Love, presents her as a fixt unshaken Rock, whereon he vows to build his Happiness.

*Lon.* But I shall shortly turn the friendly End o'th' Tube, and draw her Failings nearer to his View : Of which this very Day, I have engag'd to give him a clear convincing Prospect.

*Emi.* Which Way, I beg you let me know ; for 'twere a second Happiness not to see him wretched.

*Lon.* Thus it is — In a Dispute Yesterday with my Lord, concerning *Leonora*, I urg'd his Weakness home, and laid her Falshood clear before him. At length, my friendly Arguments brought him to this Conclusion. About an Hour hence, by his free Consent, I am to visit her, and have leave to feign myself her Lover, and urge my Passion with all the seeming Tenderness that Friendship can inspire ; and if my Art can drag from her, the least Acknowledgment of Love for me, or but an ungenerous Contempt of his unwearied Constancy, he vows, his deep Resentment should for ever tear her from his Heart.

*Emi.* It has a Face, indeed ; but how will my Lord be Witness of her Falshood.

*Lon.*

*Lon.* I have already brib'd her Servant, who is to place him where, unseen, he shall both hear, and see it all.

*Emi.* There's Danger in the Attempt: Be wary Brother, for shou'd her artful Eyes ensnare you too, then I were doubly wretched.

*Lon.* Nourish no such Fear, *Emilia*, I have a treble Guard upon my Heart, the Baseness of her Soul, my own Honour, and a Sister's Peace.

*Enter Laguerre.*

*Lag.* Sir, my Lord Lovemore!

*Emi.* Farewel! I'll study to deserve your Care: I dare not stay; excuse me, lest my Guilt betray me.

*Enter Lord Lovemore.*

Brother, your Servant, I'll leave you to your Businesses.

*L. Lov.* We have none of that Consequence, Madam, to be preferr'd to your Company.

*Emi.* My Lord! I beg you will excuse me: I am in haste, 'tis Chapel-time.

*L. Lov.* 'Twere a Sacrilege unpardonable, Madam, to hinder your Devotion, a universal Blessing to the World.

*Emi.* My Lord, your Servant. [Exit Emilia.]

*L. Lov.* Your Sister, *Charles*, is a very agreeable Woman; why don't you look out a Match for her; you are her Guardian?

*Lon.* I have her Fortune to dispose of, my Lord: But not her Inclination, when she has chosen, I am ready to pay down the Money.

*L. Lov.* Her Money may raise many a false pretended Passion, and young Women seldom want a little harden'd Vanity to stamp it into current Love.

*Lon.* I hope, my Lord, in a little time to give you a very fair Proof of her Judgment.

*L. Lov.*

L. Lov. Prithee, let me understand you.

Lon. 'Tis yet an Infant Secret, in a Day or two it may speak plainer ; in the mean time, my Lord, how stands your Resolution towards my Design upon Leonora ?

L. Lov. Faith, Charles; I have yet some Scruples, but as they rise, my Confidence in thy Friendship still removes 'em : What time do you propose to visit her ?

[Looking on his Watch.]

Lon. Now, this Morning.

L. Lov. You will be too late, 'tis within half an Hour of Twelve.

Lon. Time enough ! we shall find her at her Toilet, till Two, I'll warrant you.

L. Lov. That's scarce Time enough to set your Pe-ruke : For I suppose you design to comb her into Compliance. A first Rate Beau at least ? Do you consider how much time is requir'd in the making such an Animal ?

Lon. Half an Hour does it as well as half a Score,

Man. You wou'd be of another Opinion, if you were at my Lord Tiffle Top's Levee.

Lon. No, no ! 'Tis not that his Lordship has occasion to employ half the Morning at his Glafs : But the soft Rogue can't part with his own dear Image under six Hours Admiratiōn : For a powder'd Wig is as soon put on, as an uncomb'd one : 'Tis not a fine Coat, but Affection that makes a Fop : And that you know is a kind of Surtout, a Man may slip it over his Cloaths.

L. Lov. Then you think a little Affection will certainly recommend you.

Lon. Take the Boxes round upon the full third Day of a favour'd Poet, you'll scarce find three Beauties will allow you a Gentleman without it : I never knew your fine set-up Woman of Quality, that did not spend three Parts of her Life in studying the Art of Je-ne-sais-Quoyity !

L. Lov.

L. Lov. Well, I yet hope you are mistaken in *Leonor*: What you call Affectation, to me has always been the Height of Breeding, a modest Freedom, an agreeable Gaiety, and an invincible Coldness.

Lor. I am sorry, my Lord, your Disease is so desperate, that nothing but the exposing her can cure you: For I own 'tis much against my Nature to triumph o'er a Woman's Weakness: But if Women are weak, who shall trust 'em? And if I see my Friend in Danger, shall not I show the Snare prepar'd for him?

L. Lov. 'Twas thus I had excus'd you to myself before: But do you believe her false through Weakness or Design?

Lor. O she wants no Wit, my Lord.

L. Lov. How then do you propose to win her by an affected Passion, when my Sincerity cannot move her?

Lor. Your Sincerity never will, my Lord: She is light by Nature, hates a Man that preaches Virtue by Example, and shows the Barrenness of her Principles by the Firmness of his own; she loves a Wretch that joins with her in Vanity, your gay unthinking Spark, by the Comparison of whose Nonsense she admires her own Wit: Beside, I have some Reason to believe she likes me.

L. Lov. What Reason?

Lor. By her publickly declaring an Aversion to me.

L. Lov. She will not deny it to your Face I warrant you.

*Enter a Footman.*

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Manlove* is in a Chair below, and desires to know if you have any Company with you?

Lor. Though I am loth to trash my Person with her, I wou'd be civil to the Mother of your Mistress, my Lord: Desire her Ladyship to walk up, and tell her I am alone: It won't be amiss first to expose the Mother's Character. [Aside.] This is the third Visit I have had from her this Week, my Lord.

L. Lov.

L. Lov. How came you so intimate?

Lon. One Day unfortunately commanding the Fulness of her Eye, or so, she cou'd not rest till she had taken me aside, to ask me, if my Designs were honourable? And ever since she is eternally labouring to convince me, that she has no real Aversion to Matrimony.

L. Lov. You see what 'tis to be complaisant, *Charles*.

Lon. If you step into that Closet my Lord, perhaps you may over-hear something that will surprize you; however, your time won't be lost, there lies a *Milton* upon the Table.

L. Lov. You'll oblige me.

Lon. Here she comes! away, my Lord.

[L. Lov. goes into the Closet.]

*Enter Lady Manlove.*

Lon. Madam! Your most humble Servant, this is an unexpected Favour.

L. Ma. Why a Favour, Sir! D'ee think I'll ever grant a Favour to any Man. I'll swear we Women of Quality had need live lock'd up in a Closet, if we wou'd avoid Scandal. Can't one pay an harmless Visit, but you must immedately conclude one designs you a Favour; I vow to Gad I came with a Design to beg a Favour of you.

Lon. 'Tis a Favour, Madam, that you will make use on me.

L. Ma. Use you! Really, Sir, I don't understand you! What do you mean? — But come! — To let you see I dare rely upon my own Conduct, — Come Sir, I will venture to sit down by you.

Lon. Oh! Madam, you honour me. [They sit.]

L. Ma. Well! Mr. Longville, you little think what a secret Business I have to communicate to you! I hope we are private! Pray let us be private, and I will lay it open to you.

Lon.

*Lon.* — (to *Laguerre*) Wait without ! — Now ! Madam !

*L. Man.* You must know, Sir, that I came to advise with you about ! — about a — I'll swear, Mr. *Longville*, you look mighty well To-day !

*Lon.* — That might be said more justly of your Ladyship, Madam !

*L. Man.* O Lord ! I ! Oh ! Jesu ! I am all in a Flame ! such a Colour ! prithee do but feel my Pulse a little ! — So, if I can but get into Discourse with him, I may save my Busines for another Visit To-morrow. [Aside.]

*Lon.* They are very high indeed, Madam ; but you look the better for it.

*L. Man.* Is't possible ! well ! Mr. *Longville*, I am inclin'd in real Charity, to encourage all your Offers, if it were only to keep you from ill Women ; for I know there are some so ravenous of you, that they follow you to your Chamber in a Morning, and have the Confidence to force themselves upon you ; now, dear sweet Mr. *Longville*, don't encourage these confident Creatures : Let me beg it of you for your own sake. —

[Pressing his Hand.]

*Lon.* So ! I find no Woman sees an ugly Face in her own Glass. [Aside.]

*L. Man.* I'll swear I cou'd find in my Heart to visit you every Morning, merely to prevent those wicked Creatures having their Ends of you.

*Lon.* That were too great a Trouble ! No ! Madam, I have an admirable Way to avoid 'em : Shall I show you how I wou'd use such a Woman ? I ask your Pardon, Madam, but supposing you were such a one !

*L. Man.* Oh ! fooh ! I hate to act an odious Part.

[Holding his Hand.]

*Lon.* Why, you can't miss it, Madam, you need but sit as you do ! — Now, Madam, squeeze my Hand a little.

*L. Man.*

L. Man. O! Jesu ! I cou'd not do it for the Universe !

[*Lets it go suddenly.*

Lon. Then I must suppose you had done it, Madam, upon which I flatly tell her, that—

L. Man. Pish, [Rises] Lord ! What care I what you tell her : If you will let me tell you my Business, say so !

Lon. (*Walking after her.*) I say, Madam, I tell her, that my Inclinations lie elsewhere ; that she flings away her Time ; that her Fondness is more disagreeable than her Person ; that I wonder at her Impudence in taking Civility for Love ; that she is ugly without Exception ; Coy without Coldness ; in Love without Hope ; Nice without Offers ; Wanton without Youth ; Kind without Courtship ; and Craving without Conscience.

L. Man. Well ! Well ! have you done yet ? — Pish !

Lon. That her keeping Company is Design ; that her Designs are Man ; that her Man is every Body ; that No-body is hers ; that her Charms are quite exhausted ; and Time writes upon her Forehead,—*Pray Remember the Poor !*

L. Man. Prithee ! What a Humour's this ?

Lon. That her Modesty is more painted than her Face ; and both so much, that no Man can see either of them.

L. Man. Mr. Longville.

Lon. That her Company is worse than Sicknes ; and that I had as lieve be visited by the Small-Pox.

L. Man. Pish ! Will you never ha'done ?

Lon. That in short she is so detestable, that ev'n the Pleasure of Revenge cou'd not raise me to give her a Clap. The Devil's in't if this won't undeceive her !

[*Afide.*

L. Man. I don't understand him ! Sure, he can't mean all this to me ! I find I must tell him my Busines to put him out of this Humour ! Prithee, Mr. Longville, sit down a little, I want some of our Advice, Man ; Lord ! you have quite tir'd yourself !

Lon.

L. Man. Now, Madam, your Commands! [They fit.]

L. Man. I suppose, Sir, you are not ignorant of my Lord Lovemore's Passion for my Daughter: Now, Sir, he being your particular Friend, and I having a particular Inclination to serve any one that is your Friend, Mr. Longville, I have resolv'd to make my Daughter marry my Lord out of Hand; and have contriv'd a Way to make her sole Heirels of my Husband's Estate.

Long. This is obliging, Madam; but how can it be while you have a Son living?

L. Man. Ah! don't call him my Son, Mr. Longville, Education can't polish him! he is of such a slovenly Nature, he is fit for nothing but a Clergyman: Now you must know all my Family being Catholicks, I have a Mind to make a Priest of him, and have accordingly provided him a Governor to go with him to St. Omers: Then, Sir, I being his Guardian, and having the Estate all in my own Hands.

Long. Will take care it shall never come to his. [Aside.] But why a Priest, Madam?

L. Man. To prevent his Marrying, Man; and then his Estate comes of Course to my Daughter, and so to my Lord, and his Heirs.— Beside, one is not sure of his getting safe to St. Omers!

Long. Inhuman Devil! A Priest! Death! She is going to ship him to Barbados! [Aside.] Well, Madam, wherein can I be serviceable to you? [Aside.]

L. Man. You! Why you can—you can—Lord! Can you do one no Kindness, d'ye think? Let me see!

Long. Not the Kindness you think on; Death! How she's puzzled for a Pretence for her Visit! [Aside.]

L. Man. Pish!— O Gad! I had like to have forgot! you must know my Business hither was to get you to—to—a! O! to persuade the Boy to go.

Long. So! Now she has found it. [Aside.]

L. Man. Now, dear Mr. Longville, [Pressing his Hand] Let me beg of you to use all Means possible to persuade him:

him ; for I know the Boy will do any thing at your bidding.

*Lon.* Well, Madam, I'll use my Interest to serve you—in your kind. [Aside.]

*L. Man.* Will you give me your Word and Honour ?

*Lon.* Both, to have my Hand agen. [Aside.]

*L. Man.* Nay ! but you must give me your Hand upon't !

*Lon.* Why you have it, you have it, Madam !

*L. Man.* Pshah ! but you don't give it me heartily !

*Lon.* Humh ! She will have a Squeeze, I find. [Aside.] There Madam, 'tis heartily.

Enter Laguerre.

*Lag.* Sir, Young Mr. Rakiß desires to speak with you immedately.

*Lon.* At last I am deliver'd. [Aside.]—Bid him walk up.

*L. Man.* O ! Jesu ! Mr. Longville ! I wou'd not be seen for the Universe.

*Lon.* O ! you need not, Madam, here's a back way.

*L. Man.* Well ! but my Dear Charles, when shall I see you about this Busines ?

*Lon.* In a quarter of an Hour, Madam, at your own House : I have some private Busines with your Daughter : When I have dispatch'd it, I am at your Service.

[Pressing her to go.]

*L. Man.* Well ! I have the prettiest Closet to show you, Mr. Longville !— I'll swear I have no Mind to leave you yet : Can't I step in there, till he is gone a little ?

[Offering towards the Closet.]

*Lon.* The Devil ! [Aside.] Madam, upon my Honour, I will but dress and wait upon you. Here he comes ! away Madam !

*L. Man.* Well ! Adieu, my Dear, dear, dear Creature !

[Exit. L. Man.]

*Lon.* Come, my Lord, now I'll release you.

Enter

Enter Lord Lovemore.

Did you hear us?

L. *Love*. Yes, and am amaz'd! Prithee! What does she mean by St. Omers, and her Son, it can't be real?

*Lon.* Too sure, my Lord, I have heard of it before.

L. *Low*. I am sorry she shou'd make me her Pretence for so base a Action! How shall we prevent it?

*Lon.* That I will undertake. But first I will let you see your Mistres has a Hand in't. [Aside.] Laguerre, My Cloaths.

Enter Young Rakish.

*Lon.* How now, *Jack!* What's the Matter?

Y. *Ra.* O! *Charles*, I am undone, if you don't stand by me! my Father's just at my Heels—my Lord, your humble Servant.

L. *Low*. Poor *Jack!* What hast thou done to him now Man!

Y. *Ra.* Done, my Lord! Pox take him, only nothing but a Piece of Justice; for the old Rogue had the Conscience last Night to offer to cheat me of Fifty Pound, tho' he knew 'twas all I had in the World, and in return, I very fairly nick'd him of Five Hundred upon the Square.

L. *Low*. Prithee how was it?

Y. *Ra.* Why you must know, my Lord, he wou'd ha' put the Doctor upon me, and communicated his Design to *Ned Friendly*, who immediately told me of it; upon which (unknown to him) I flung away the Doctor, and clapt into the Box a Pair of true Mathematicks: Fortune was on my Side, and in less than two Hours I fairly nickt him of Five Hundred Pound.

L. *Low*. Well! and what wou'd the old Gentleman have?

Y. *Ra.* When the Busines was over, *Ned* laugh'd at him, and told him what I had done; upon which he whip'd

whip'd out his Sword, and in a great Passion swore, if I did not refund the Money, he wou'd disinherite me before To-morrow Morning.

L. Lov. What Answer did you make him ?

Y. Ra. Why faith, e'yn took no notice of him ; but very fairly flunk away to his Goldsmith, and to hasten his paying the Money, politickly told him, I had just killed a Man : Egad the inhuman Son of a Whore took hold of the Opportunity, and made me pay Fifteen per Cent. for Expedition.

Lon. The rest you secur'd in Specie, I suppose !

Y. Ra. Ay ! ay ! here it is, all in Gold, my Boy ! Prithee, Dear Charles, secure it for me ; as for my Life, which I know he will pursue, I'll venture to defend that myself.

Enter a Footman to young Rakish.

Foot. Sir, your Father's just coming up ! one of the Servants ignorantly told him you were in the House, and he immediately drew his Sword, and has search'd every Room below for you.

Y. Ra. Ounds ! the Money ! the Money, Charles !

Lon. There ! into that Closet ; and take the Key on the Inside, till we have appeas'd him. [Young Rakish goes into the Closet] Laguerre, lock up this. [Gives him the Money.]

Enter Major Rakish with his Sword drawn, he searches the Room.

Maj. Where is this Rogue ! This Villain ! This sharping Dog ?

Lon. Why how now, Major ! What, in a Passion, Man ?

Lon. & L. Lov. Ha ! ha ! ha ! What's the Matter, Major ? ha ! ha ! ha !

Maj. No ! no ! nothing but Murder, nothing but Murder shall satisfy me.

L. Lov. What is it you look for, Major ?

*Maj.* Only a Highwayman, my Lord ; was not he here with you just now ?

*L. Lov.* A Highwayman with us, Sir !

*Maj.* One that is in the Road to the Highway ; do you know *Jack Rakisb*, my Lord ?

*L. Lov.* I know him for a very honest Fellow, Sir,

*Maj.* — Why I got him— That very Dog did I get.

*L. Lov.* I don't question that, Sir.

*Maj.* But you wou'd, Sir, if you knew how he has serv'd me— Nothing vexes me, but that I can't swear a Robbery against the Dog ; for then a Man might have had some Hopes of the forty Pound upon his Conviction.

*L. Lov.* Fie ! Major, you shou'd give him a better Allowance, that his Necessity might not force him to such Extremity !

*Maj.* Allowance ! a Dog ! has not Nature given him a strong Back ? Let him live by that ; let him turn Beau, and live upon Tick : Let him lye with his Laundress, get in with his Semistress, help his Taylor to Custom, dine with me, bilk his Lodging, — and now and then sharp a Play in the Side Box.

*L. Lov.* This I know he is very often forc'd to do : But Faith, Major, it don't answer the Character of a Gentleman.

*Maj.* A Gentleman ! Ounds ! don't I see fifty there every Day, that have no Income but their Wits, and yet have very good Cloaths upon their Backs !

*L. Lov.* And carry all they have upon their Backs ! Come, come, you must allow him better, Man.

*Maj.* Allow him ! What a Pox ! Don't I allow to drink, and whore, and fight, and roar where he pleases, provided he keeps me Company—the Devil a Stroke else—I co'd—I will have my Share, while I live, old Boy—No ! no ! Old *Jack* must come in for a Bit of Wickednes by the Bye, or so—must take Care of old *Jack* !—old *Jack* must be taken care of—Allow him, quotha' ! What a Pox ! must the silly Dog needs be a Bubble ?

Bubble ? Can't he take the Pleasure of Lewdness, without the Folly of paying for't ? Odsbud, I sometimes break half a dozen Commandments in a Day, and it ne'er costs me a Farthing.

L. Lov. Say you so, Major ? Faith I wou'd advise you to publish your Receipt, it may reform most of our young Fellows about Town.

Maj. How do you mean reform ! ha ! Old Politick of the World ?

L. Lov. Why look ye ! if we cou'd once lessen the Charge of Lewdness, you long-liv'd niggardly Fathers wou'd certainly take it up ; and Vice wou'd look so nauseous in Sixty odd, that one and twenty wou'd grow ashamed on't.

Maj. But, Sir, my Son is not ashamed o' his Vice, and I'd have you to know I am a—a very lewd old Fellow ! But I don't pay for't, I don't pay for't, like a raw Inn of Court Beau, that is just set up for Iniquity.

L. Lov. Prithee, Major, how do you manage your Pleasures, that you say they cost you nothing ?

Maj. I'll tell you, my Lord ; I'll tell you how I spent the Day before Yesterday : I got up, and din'd with Sir Bartholomew Bumper, drank my two Bottles and half with him by Five o'Clock — Then call'd in at the Play (Impudence my Ticket) pick'd up a Parson's Wife, gave her the Remains of an old Clap, and so pawn'd her at Philip's for three Pints of Spirit of Clary : — After this I call'd in at the Rose, found three or four young strong Dogs damnable hungry, sent a Porter for a Slice of Sir Bartholomew's Brawn, drank my two Bottles more, call'd for a Bill, Brawn paid old Jack's Club, old Jack reels into a Coach, bilks him, slips to Bed, wakes in five Hours with a steady Hand, and no aking Head, by the Lord Harry.

L. Lov. Well said, Major !

Maj. There's Management for you ! Why cou'd not my Dog-rogue of a Son do this ? He wants a thousand Pound with a Pox to him ! Odsbud, I lose time, I must ferret the Dog—— Hey ! where abouts are you ? Soho ! Goal-bird !

[Looks about.]

Y. Ra. [Peeping.] Igad I had as good shew myself, while I have a Friend or two to stand by me.

[He steals behind the Major, and walks softly after him.]

Lan. and L. Lov. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Maj. Unconscionable Rogue, a thousand Pound at one Clap !

[Aside.]

Lan. Why you that spend no Money, Major, methinks shou'd have no Occasion for it : But was it a full Thousand Pound, say you ?

Maj. Umh ! not a full Thousand Pound : Look ye, I won't lie neither : But may I never more hear the dear Glugg, Glugg of a full Flask, if it was not above eight Hundred.

Y. Ra. That's a Lie ! [Claps him on the Back.]

Maj. O Dog ! Villain ! Rogue ! Sirrah, How dare you look me in the Face ? Draw ! Draw ! Rascal !

[They hold him.]

Y. Ra. Yes, Sir ! [Draws, and stands on his Guard.]

Maj. What, will you Murder me in cool Blood ! will you, Dog !

Y. Ra. Yes, Sir ! I believe I shall : For I don't find myself angry yet.

Maj. Why, Sirrah ! *Nerigate* ! Am not I your Father, ha !

Y. Ra. Look you, Sir ! if you are my Father, I draw in Obedience to your Commands ; if not, upon my Enemy—— stand off.

Maj. Now, have not I one Word to say to him— This Impudence melts my very Soul—There's a Look ! There's a Forehead ! There's Bras for you ! The Rogue wou'd make an admirable Player in the Old House ; Odsbud ! I have more Mind to kiss him, than

to

to be angry by half — Well ! Sirrah ! What have you to say for yourself ?

Y. Ra. Nay, first old Gentleman ! Lets hear what you have to say against me ?

Maj. Have you not bit me, my dear Son ?

Y. Ra. Have you not starv'd me, my dear Dad ?

Maj. Have not I lov'd you—you young Dog ?

Y. Ra. Have not I return'd it, old Hock ?

Maj. Have you return'd it — Sawce !

Y. Ra. Yes, Sir ! By this generous Confidence in your Love, in taking the Freedom to win your Five Hundred Pound, well knowing that so trivial a Sum cou'd not hurt me in your Favour.

Maj. Umh ! Here's a Rogue ! — Well ! and so ! you think I will forgive you !

Y. Ra. Dam mee ! Sir, who dares say to the contrary ?

Maj. Ah ! the Rogue has me now ! That Look has quite dissolv'd me ; Odsbud, I can no more resist him, than a Patentee can a pretty Wench, when she demands an unsconscionable Salary in the Playhouse. Well ! I must forgive you then ! humh !

Y. Ra. I knew you wou'd, or else I had ne'er nick'd you.

Maj. Why, look you, Sir, then ev'n set your Heart at rest : For before these Gentlemen, I solemnly declare that—that—I do forgive you, upon Condition—

Y. Ra. What Condition ?

Maj. Humh ! That I have my Money again !

Y. Ra. The Devil !

Lor. Come, Gentlemen, you shall leave the Conditions to me ; my Lord and I have just an Hour's Business together ; I'll bring the Money with me to *Locket's*, between one and two ; where we'll dine, and set all to Rights agen !

Maj. Say no more, my little *Charles*, I'll go before,

and bespeak Dinner ! But hark you, had not you as good let me take the Money along with me ?

*Y. Ra.* I bar that, old Gentleman ! no ! no ! Possession is eleven Points in the Law !

*Maj.* A rare Look that ! — it's a good Look ! — the Dog has a good Look !

*Y. Ra.* Come, old *Jack* ! let's you and I take a Whet of racy Canary before they come — My Lord, your Humble Servant ; bye *Charles*.

*Maj.* Hold ! hold ! my little *Jacky*, not too fast — *Cede Majoribus.*

[Pulls Young Rakish back, and goes out before him.

*L. Lov.* A pleasant Couple these !

*Lon.* Ay, and only pleasant, when they are coupled.

*L. Lov.* Right ! they are like the two Parts of a drunken Song, very indifferent Musick, unless you hear 'em both together.

*Lon.* But now and then they may be endur'd, the better to relish the Harmony of a refin'd Conversation. Come, my Lord, now for *Leonora*.

*L. Lov.* You remember the Conditions ; if you fail in your Attempt, you are never to speak against her more.

*Lon.* Agreed : If I succeed, the Consequence will reward me.

*L. Lov.* You see, *Charles*, how fond I am of being still your Friend, that I dare Hazard all my Happiness in *Leonora*, merely to satisfy your Jealousy, not my own.

*Lon.* You wou'd be jealous too, my Lord, were you less a Lover ; and I more favourable, were I less your Friend : 'Tis my Care of you that makes me jealous ; and the Generosity of your Love, that will not let you doubt your *Leonora*.

*When Beauty gives the Lover warm Desire,  
Love drives him blind and headlong to the Fire ;  
But jealous Friendship does his Power despise ;  
Awakes his Reason, and unseals his Eyes.* [Exeunt.

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, *Lady Manlove's House.*

Leonora at her Toilet, her Woman dressing her.

Leo.



Rifle!

Tri. Madam!

Leo. Let's see this Morning's Letters.

Tri. There are only these half dozen, Madam.

Leo. No more! Barbarity! This 'tis to go to Hyde-Park upon a Windy Day, when a well-dres'd Gentleman can't stir Abroad: The Beaus were forc'd to take Shelter in the Playhouse, I suppose: I was a Fool, I did not go thither, I might have made ten Times the Hawock in the Side Boxes.

Tri. Your Ladyship's being out of Humour with the Exchange Woman, for shaping your Ruffles so odiously, I am afraid made you a little too reserv'd, Madam.

Leo. Prithee! Was there a Fop in the whole Ring, that had not a Side Glafs from me! Nay, ev'n that insensible Wretch Longville, watch'd the Circulation of my Chariot with an unusual Affiduity. The Humility of his Bow has given me some Hopes of revenging the Affront he put upon me last Week.

Tri. O Dear, Madam! I always took him for a well-bred Gentleman! Cou'd he affront your Ladyship?

Leo. O in the grossest Manner! He sat two whole Hours alone with me in my Dressing Room, and was as

*Tri.* Perhaps your Ladyship gave him no Encouragement, Madam.

*Leo.* Quite contrary ! I languish'd in my Glass, laid my Neck bare, smil'd on him, talk'd of Love, made him draw on my Gloves, tie on my Necklace ; nay, take my *Dormouse* out of my very Bosom : But all in vain, he did it with all the Coldness of a Brother, no more mov'd, than if he had been my Husband. O he tortur'd me so I could not bear him !

*Tri.* I am afraid, Madam, by this Uneasiness, your Ladyship likes him !

*Leo.* No, Fool ! But 'twere an Ueasiness not to have him like me.

*Tri.* You know, Madam, he's engag'd to *Olivia*, and I am confident can have no good Meaning any where else.

*Leo.* His Meaning cou'd do me no Prejudice ; let him be once my Lover, I'll soon lead him into the Road of Honour.

*Tri.* I suppose, Madam, your Ladyship wou'd not have him travel as far as Marriage.

*Leo.* Marriage ! No, no ! This Face is not to be flung away upon a Husband yet : I love, as your great Generals fight, not for Peace, but Glory : Marriage is a mere Ceſſation of Arms : When I can hold out no longer, I am ſecure of an honourable Retreat in my Lord *Lovemore* : The Reputation of his Sense, and his ſix Years Conſtancy, ſufficiently ſatisfies the World, that I am not at a Loſs for a Husband.

*Tri.* Your Ladyship, has a very working Brain, Madam, you were born to conquer.

*Leo.* And bred ſo too ! I began my little Wars of Love before Thirteen, heav'd my Breasts at Twelve, and entertain'd my Train of Dangling Beaus, with all the affected Coldness of One and Twenty : Nay, ev'n then

then had a Soul so sensible of Glory, I fought my three Duels a Week, kill'd now and then my Man, and as one fell, was still designing on another.

*Tri.* For Heaven's Sake, Madam, did your Ladyship use to fight Duels.

*Leo.* Stupid Creature ! 'Twas *Leonora* fought : Her Eyes inflam'd the Combat, she drew the Sword, secure of Conquest ; for both the Victor, and the Victim were *Leonora*'s still.

*Tri.* Madam, my Lady *Manlove*.

*Enter Lady Manlove.*

*L. Man.* Good-morrow, Child, what not dress'd yet ?

*Leo.* I am just ready, Madam ; has your Ladyship been Abroad ?

*L. Ma.* Ay, I have been with Father *Benedic* about your Brother *Johnny*. He will be here this Afternoon : And just as I had left him, whom shou'd I meet coming out of his Lodgings but Mr. *Langville*. — He says, he has some private Business with you, Child : He will be here in a Moment : Prithee, make what haste you can with him, that I may talk with him further about your Brother's Journey. — I long to have the Dear Creature in private again. [ *Afide*.

*Leo.* I'll observe you, Madam, I will soon dispatch him.

*L. Man.* Prithee do, Child ; in the mean time, I'll go and prepare your Brother. [ *Exit. L. Man.*

*Leo.* Some private Business with me ! — Nay then. — [ *She Prides, and sets herself in her Glass.* ] Oh, Jesu ! This is a frightful Head ! Here, *Trifle* ! Fetch me that with the blue Knots. [ *Takes off her Commode.* ] — D'ye hear ! my Crimson Gown and Petticoat. — O ! I can't contain myself ! Methinks I see him at my Feet ! Despairing ! Dying ! Breathing out his last Complaint of Love ! — Why don't you stir, you senseless

senseless Creature ! Hold ! hold ! Stay a little ! Lay down the Head ! Go you and wait below, to give me Notice of his coming : And d'ye hear, send Lettice to dress me in the next Room, here he may surprize me.— Go ! go ! Make haste, Lump ! For my Revenge is more impatient than another's Love. [She runs off bare-headed, her Gown loose about her, &c.] Exit Trifle at the other Door : And then—

Enter Lettice, who in haste takes up the Things, and follows Leonora ; after which, enter Trifle, with Lord Lovemore, and Longville.

*Lon.* Where's your Lady ?

*Tri.* Hearing you were to be here, Sir, she went immediately into the next Room to change her Dress.

*Lon.* D'ye hear that, my Lord ?

*L. Lov.* Is her Decency a Fault ?

*Lon.* Her Design is.

*L. Lov.* Prithee no more, I am impatient till thou hast prov'd thyself a Mad-man. — Come ! Where's my Post ?

*Tri.* Here, my Lord, in this Avenue. — There's a Door upon your Right-Hand, that leads you to the Back Stairs.

*Lon.* When I pull out my Handkercher, let that be your Cue to go round, and come in at this Door, as tho' you knew nothing of what had past.

*L. Lov.* I shall observe you, Sir.

*Lon.* Be sure, Whatever you hear, don't let your Resentment discover you before your Time : For shou'd she find you over-heard her, she will certainly face you down, she knew of your being there, and that she receiv'd me kindly only to revenge your affronting Jealousy.

*L. Lov.* Humh ! [Smiling.] You are mighty cautious — I give you my Honour to observe your Directions.

*Lon.*

Lon. Follow Trifle, my Lord, [She places L. Love-more unseen.] Here, Child, there's another Purse for thy good Service: Let your Lady know I am here.— [Exit Trifle.] — So! Now for a little scandalous Raillery upon your Top-beauties of Quality, to recommend my Judgment in her: Let me see! Which will be my best way to deliver my Passion? — Pox I need not study set Speeches: For she has so much of Coquet in her, that you can no more fall from the Discourse of Love in her Company, than you can be raised to act it in her Mother's: My Design has hitherto been so prosperous, I can hardly think Success will fail me now.— Beside, the Liberty of my Friend draws the Curtain to my Sister's Hopes.— But, see! She is here!

Enter Leonora, *near-dreſt*.

Leo. Lord! — Mr. Longville! What Accident has bleſt us with your good Company? For unless ſome extraordinary Buſineſs brings you, you are no more to be ſeen, than a Lawyer in Term-time.

Lon. O! Madam! My Life's an eternal Term, Love's my Cause, and you are my Judge.

Leo. Poor Wretch! I have him now! [Aside.] I ſhall be glad to be of Counſel for you.

Lon. To tell you the Truth, Madam, 'twas a little of your Advice I now came for: For my Cause is coming on this very Moment: Gad take me, it has colt me the Lord knows what to qualify me for the Bar of Love: I am reſolved now to make my Appearance! Have you perceiv'd no Alteration in me, Madam, theſe two Days?

Leo. I'll ſwear, I think I have! Won't you fit, Mr. Longville.

Lon. Hey! who's there?

Enter a Footman to Longville.

Bid the Coachman go home, and — let five of my Men wait me at Chaves's, you only below, I am in private.—

Hey! B 6

Hey! let 'em all stay, I'd have the World know where  
I pay my Devoir.

[Boas.]

*Leo.* Well, I swear, Mr. *Longville*, nothing speaks a Gentleman more than his Equipage, the whole Ring Yesterday took notice of your Chariot. Ah! Jesu! Such a lolling easy Air! Then the Six clean Creatures that drew it had their Mains and Tails so finely curl'd and powder'd, that their very Motion gave a new-born Sweetness to the Ev'ning.

*Lon.* Do you know, Madam, that the great *Dutch Beau, Minbeier Van Powderback*, offer'd me a Hundred Guineas for a Brace of their Tails, to make him a Peruke.

*Leo.* Let me dye! But you are a second *Phaeton*! This Equipage and Chariot, were enough to set the whole Beau Mond on Fire! Jesu! 'tis not Ten Days ago, since you were the strangest rough Creature, always in a Plain Coat: But two Horses to your Coach, a single Footman behind it, and scarce Powder enough in your Perriwig to whitten the Inside of it.

*Lon.* Ha! ha! Gad take me, Madam, your Ladiship has hit me.

*Leo.* But, Jesu! who is this powerful Beauty, that has wrought this wonderous Alteration?

*Lon.* Your Ladiship is very intimate with her: Can't you guess her, Madam?

*Leo.* O, Sir! 'twere hard to do that among so many Beauties, as this Town affords.

*Lon.* Beauties! ha! ha! pray, Madam, do me the Favour to name one of those Things you call Beauties, that a Gentleman can bear the Thoughts on?

*Leo.* O! Fie! Mr. *Longville*! there's a World of 'em! What do you think of my Lady *Slattern Pinchit*? She is an Heiress, understands the Management of a Family to a Miracle; and, I vow, has really a great deal of Wit.

*Lon.* Ha! ha! ha! my Lady *Slattern Pinchit*! I must confess she has Two Thousand Pound a Year to recommend her nauseous Housewifry, which is enough to turn one's Stomach! Pray, Madam, let me give you

an

an Account of a Visit I made her, at her Lodgings at the Bath, last Summer.

*Leo.* O filthy Irish Creature, the very Apprehension of it gives me the Vapours : For Heav'n's Sake no more !

*Lon.* Nay Gad, Madam, it's worth your Hearing : You must know I had a mind to surprize her ; when I was got up Stairs, I bolted into her Bed-chamber, where I found my prudent Lady, and her Cousin, bare-headed at Dinner—upon the Remains of a cold Leg of Lamb, and Cucumbers !

*Leo.* O ! my Soul !

*Lon.* The Sight of me drove them immediately into the Closet, from whence they curs'd, and storm'd at me through the Key-hole, worse than if I had caught them naked : In the mean time I took a View of her Chamber, and found under her Chair half a Bottle of Bristol-Milk, upon the Seat of it lay her Garters, and a Pair of Green Worsted Stockings, and upon the Back of it hung a daub'd Diaper Napkin, above an Inch thick of Pomatum.

*Leo.* Insupportable !

*Lon.* Upon her Toilet lay the Overplus of her Complexion, in the Print of three Red Fingers upon the Corner of a Calico Nightrail.

*Leo.* O ! I shall die !

*Lon.* Upon the Chest of Drawers lay a Pair of old Slippers, with a dirty Suit of Night Cloaths, a Pound of Butter ; and a raw Phillet of Veal wrapt in the Tail of her Bathing Smock.

*Leo.* Ah !

[Squealing out.]

*Lon.* I'gad, Madam, if you are no better at pointing me out a Conquest, I shall e'vn be forc'd to attack your Ladyship.

*Leo.* O, Jesu ! I'll name all the Town first ! Not but I believe I may stop at fine Mrs. *Courtly*, she that my Lord *Cou'd-n't-brow* fought about.

*Lon.* I'll command her, to see how she will take it.

[Aside.]

[*Afide.*] She is very handsome, Madam, and all the World allows her a Woman of extraordinary Breeding !

*Leo.* Do they so, Sir ! Nay, I'll swear I can't blame you ; really she is very much a Gentlewoman ! so easy ! so free ! so agreeable and good-humour'd ! I vow to Gad my Lady *Censure*, and I were ready to fall out about her ; she says she is the most affected Piece, that ever crois'd the Drawing-Room, one of her fidel'g Curt'sys turns her Stomack.

*Lon.* Why Faith, Madam, as my Lady says, now and then she does screw herself confoundedly.

*Leo.* O the most intolerable, vain, fantastick Creature breathing ; the Duce take me, Mr. *Longville*, if she had not the Confidence to report that Sir *John Lovewell* was kill'd upon her Account ?

*Lon.* Ridiculous ! all the World knows, Madam, he fell a Victim to your Eyes ! S'Death ! how loth she is to lose the Glory of a Man's Murder ! [ *Afide.* ]

*L. Lov.* [ *Behind.* ] What does he fool with me ? Is this the worst of her he can show me ? Women are all censorious : But now it may be Complaisance to him, that makes her so : I will have Patience ; for shou'd I interrupt him, there wou'd be no End of his idle Jealousies.

*Lon.* Still wide, Madam, the Lady I mean is one whose Sense and Beauty, ev'n envious Wit can find no Fault in.

*Leo.* Jesu ! Mr. *Longville*, this is a Complement to the whole Sex, to believe there can be such a Woman : I'll swear I wou'd give the World to know her.

*Lon.* Will you hear me, Madam, if I name her ? Have I your Word, it shall not make you leave the Room.

*Leo.* Prithee, why shou'd you think that ? You don't intend to conjure with her Name, I hope.

*Lon.* No, Madam, I only dread the Magick of her Eyes !

*Leo.* Jesu ! what makes you so grave ?

*Lon.*

*Lon.* 'Twere an Insolence unpardonable, Madam, to see a Malefactor merry at the Bar.

*Leo.* What do you mean ?

*Lon.* To take my Trial, Madam, for the Crime of Love ; Therefore I claim the Promise of your Counsel, and beg to know if it were possible for a Lover to make his Passion grateful to you, in what Manner wou'd you most willingly receive it ? Deliver'd with a gay Assurance, between Jest and Earnest, or with a rough downright Bluntness ; or else, with all the passionate submissive Vows, that Love and Truth cou'd teach him ?

*Leo.* Your own Reason will resolve you. A real Passion can't be jested with, and your rough Lover is a Brute : No ! I own 'tis Tenderness, and soft Complaint, a dying Look, Heart-breaking Sighs, and Tears alone cou'd move my Nature to a Relenting Pity.

*Lon.* So ! now she has instructed me ! I shall go on with a good Assurance ! [Aside.] You cou'd not sure despise a Lover so complaining, [Sighs.]

*Leo.* Nature itself abhors so barbarous a Thought.

*Lon.* Then give me leave to kneel before you.

*L. Lov.* Ha ! This is to the Purpose. [Behind.]

*Leo.* The Fool's undone ! Ruin'd past Redemption ! [Aside.] Jesu ! Prithee rise !

*Lon.* Not till you assure me, that you believe me serious.

*Leo.* Well ! —a—Rise ! I dare do that, while you are sitting. [They fit.]

*L. Lov.* Confusion ! she rejects him not. [Behind.]

*Leo.* I'll vow you surprize me, Mr. Longville ! I never dream'd of Love from you !

*Lon.* My Lord Lovemore, Madam, being long my Friend before he was my Rival, oblig'd me to conceal my Passion from the World, and you : Nay, so sacred was my Friendship, that ev'n Opportunity, which Madam, our Intimacy has often given me, could not hitherto betray me to a guilty Glance. — But, now the Violence

Violence of my Love forces me to confess my Soul, to sacrifice that Friend, and curse him by the Name of Rival: Therefore, in spite of Bonds, [Kneeling] to you I offer up my Heart, and shou'd his interposing Vows but rob me of a Smile of yours, his Life's the Sacrifice I'll make to your mistaken Charity.

*Leo.* Fy! Mr. Longville, this to me! Lord! what do you mean?

*Lon.* What the Devil shall I say now? [Aside.]

*L. Lov.* So tame at the Discovery! [Behind.]

*Lon.* In Pity, Madam, think me real; and if you have already blest him with the rich Treasure of your conquer'd Heart, be at least so generously cruel to confirm the Truth of it to a miserable despairing Wretch; and from this Moment my Passion shall be dumb, and trouble you no more.

*L. Lov.* Ha! I am tortur'd with my Fears. [Behind.]

*Leo.* [Aside.] Well, is there any Rapture like the Glory of a prostrate Lover? Now to raise his giddy Hopes, while like his Shadow I still fly before him; seem always near, yet never to be o'er-taken.—Pray rise!

*Lon.* Never while my Rival stands before me in your Favour.

*Leo.* Jesu! sure you are not in Earnest.

*Lon.* Your Coldness, Madam, tells me, indeed you wou'd not have me so.—Nay then, my Rival has your Heart; and you in generous Pity to my Love, wou'd fain conceal it.—[Rises.]—No, Madam, there's now but this to chuse, that since I can't be yours to be no more.—Madam! Farewel. [Unbuttons himself] May you be happy in my Rival's Love.—His Life I wou'd not, dare not touch, because 'tis dear to you—But thus I sacrifice my own. [Offering to draw.]

*Leo.* Ah! for Heaven's Sake, what do you mean?

[Holds him.]

*Lon.* To trouble you no more.

[Struggling.]

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Lord ! I hope you won't offer any Mischief !  
hear me but speak !

*Lon.* You have said too much already : Pray let me die in quiet. S'Death will she hinder me, or no ? [Aside.]

*Leo.* O dear Mr. Longville, don't talk of dying ! Jesu ! if he shou'd kill himself here, he wou'd all spoil my Floor : Beside, I shall lose the Pleasure of fooling him. [Aside.] —— Pray give me your Sword ?

*Lon.* Madam, Despair, and Life are insupportable.

*Leo.* Hold ! O hold ! —— You have touch'd my Soul so tenderly, that with a Thousand burning Blushes I must intreat you live, if Hope can save you : O ! never let the Fear of any Rival shock your Hopes, and least my Lord Lovemore ; his Person, and his grave Behaviour were ever my Aversion : Had not my Mother's Commands forbid me, I had long ago inform'd him so.

*Lon.* Surprizing Comfort !

*L. Lov.* Pernicious Jilt !

[Behind.]

*Lon.* 'Twas reported, Madam, 'twou'd have suddenly been a Match between you.

*Leo.* What he may report I know not : But when I marry him, assure yourself it shall be when I despair of any one else. —— A dull constant Ass, born to bear the Burden of a slighted Love. A Lump of Lime only to be fir'd with cold Water. —— Think no more of him, had I not vow'd a single Life, your Merit above the World wou'd charm me into Marriage. But since that Blessing is deny'd me, let me at least live happy in your Friendship.

*L. Lov.* By Heav'n her very Words to me. [Behind.]

*Lon.* Now ! I have enough ! [Drops his Handkercher.] Friendship's too cold-a Clime, our mutual Happiness can never flourish there : No ! Madam, 'tis only Love's warm Soil that ripens all the blooming Joys of Life ; and makes that Life, but one eternal Harvest.

*L. Lov.* So close ! I want Patience.

Lord

*Lord Lovemore comes Forward.*

Madam, your Humble Servant !

*Leo.* Ah ! — [Shrieking] I'll swear my Lord you frightened me.

*Lon.* I don't like his coming in that way.

*L. Lov.* I thought, Madam, Mr. *Longville*, of all Mankind had been your Aversion ; and that nothing but his being my Friend could make you endure the Sight of him, I hope, you think better of him now, Madam.

*Leo.* What Devil brought him to surprize us in the only guilty Minute. [Aside.] Nay, I must confess, my Lord, I did not think him so unpleasing, while he was your Advocate.

*L. Lov.* O ! then, he was kneeling for me all this while !

*Leo.* Umh ! — a — ay ! my Lord ! [Faultring.] Jesu ! you don't think it was upon his own Account ! This was a lucky Turn. [Aside.]

*Lon.* How she fastens herself in the Noose. [Aside.]

*L. Lov.* Methinks, Madam, he over-did his Part ! To press his Arguments in melting Kisses upon your Snowy Hand, those were too warm for Friendship.

*Leo.* O' my Soul he's jealous, Mr. *Longville* ! ha ! ha !

*L. Lov.* I ne'er was jealous : I found you false, before you gave me Leave to doubt you.

*Leo.* You are serious, my Lord ! [Affecting a Surprise.]

*L. Lov.* Had you been ever so with me, I had not found myself your Fool so late : Shou'd I talk with you, I shou'd still appear your Fool : For no one sure can part eternally (as I must now) with the Hopes of his desired Happiness, without a painful Thought ; and I am loth to expose my Weakness : I shall not aggravate your Wrongs to me, but leave your Conscience to condemn you : — Farewel for ever. And since my Truth and Honour, are so ill rewarded, may henceforth none but Fools and Villains kneel before you.

[Going.]

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Stay, my Lord!—I must not lose him so: For I know the Town will never tell his Story to my Advantage. [Aside.]

*L. Lov.* My Love shall never call me back, Good-manners may. [Aside.] —Your Commands, Madam.

*Leo.* My Lord, you may be in an Error, and I hope have more Generosity than to condemn me unheard; therefore—

*Lon.* Hold, Madam! I find your Drift, and Faith 'twere too barbarous, shou'd I betray you to a farther Guilt, by suffering you to excuse what you have already shewn. No! Madam, my Ends are answer'd, and now 'tis time the Jeft shou'd go no farther.

*Leo.* What do you mean?

*Lon.* To throw aside the Mask of Love, and shew a bare-faced Friendship; and to tell you, that I ne'er lov'd you, ne'er admir'd you, nay always had an ill Opinion of you: That I was jealous of your affected Coldness to my Friend and therefore feign'd myself his Rival; that you with artificial Blushes have approv'd my Passion, and seemingly (for I ne'er thought you real yet to any one) plac'd me nearest to your Heart, where Heav'n knows I never wish'd myself; I only search'd it for a Friend, and faith, Madam, had I found him there, I had retir'd with Joy. I ask your Pardon for my Intrusion into your Favour, Madam.

*Leo.* Confusion! trick'd! betray'd! caught in the very Snare that I had laid for him! Now the malicious Town will triumph!

*Lon.* May my Lord go, Madam!

*Leo.* My Lord, this Usage ill becomes your Honour, or my Quality; as for the Insolence of your Friend, I cou'd expect no better from a rejected Lover.

*L. Lov.* I saw no great Signs of his Despair, Madam: But to satisfy you better, I have over-heard every Word you have said this half Hour.

*Leo.* Then I am betray'd indeed! That Devil *Longville.*

W O M A N ' S W I T : Or,  
*ville has rescued him from Ruin : Confound 'em both,*  
 I shall never dare to show my Face agen !

[Walks disorder'd.

*Lon.* Really, Madam, I can't blame the Judgment of your Belle-Passion : For Gallantry, Equipage, and Grandeur, are prevailing Orators.—Hey ! let my Men wait all without, I'd have the World know where I pay my Devoir.

*Leo.* Fellow !

[Scornfully.

*Lon.* Madam !

*Leo.* Sir, I have nothing to say to you ! Pray be gone.

*Lon.* Why in such a Passion, Madam !

*Leo.* Lightning blast thee.

*Lon.* Take not a Woman's Anger ill !

[Turns short, and sings.

*Leo.* Curse of my treacherous Folly, that urg'd me to believe his Passion real—O that it were ! Ha ! Can't it be made to seem so ?—A sudden Thought revives me !

*L. Lov.* Well ! Madam, I ask your Pardon, for consenting to the Extravagance of my Friend's Attempt : But, if you have a Thought that can condemn me for't, now freely give it Breath : For, after this, you'll never see me more.

*Leo.* My Lord, you know this Apology is needless : I only desire to speak a Word with Mr. Longville before he goes.

[Smiling.

*Lon.* Me ! Madam ! with all my Heart.

[They go together.

*Leo.* [To her self.] Now assist me all the Subtilty of Woman ! — If there's a Spark of Love remaining in that Bosom, [Pointing to *L. Lovemore.*] lend me a Smile to light it into Jealousy ! What, tho' his Flame be out, I have seen a dying Taper kindled with its own Smoak ! — O ! to make him burn agen, and work a brave Revenge upon this Wretch, this poor Extinguisher !

*Lon.*

Lon. Madam ! I have not heard you say very much all this while !

Leo. Come a little this Way !

[She seems familiar with him.]

Lon. What the Devil has she got in her Head now !

L. Lov. Ha ! I don't like that whispering ! S'Death she smiles on him !

Leo. [Aloud.] Never fear that ! if he offers to draw, my Servants will part you before there can be any Mischief.

Lon. S'Death ! I don't understand you ; hark you, Madam !

Leo. I know, my Dear, what you mean ; I will tell him all my self.

Lon. Ounds ! my Dear !

Leo. Prithee ! Ridiculous !—Why should we conceal it longer ! Both he, and the World must know it in a little time.

Lon. S'Death ! She racks me !

L. Lov. And me.

[Aside.]

Leo. Come ! I am weary of my odious Part : Beside, my Lord has no Reason to take it ill of you, since, as you own, he only wanted a Pretence to leave me for another.

L. Lov. Unheard of Treachery !

[Aside.]

Lon. I find Madam, you are designing me a Kindness, and Faith 'twere Pity to baulk this Fit of your Good-Nature. Pray go on, Madam ; methinks I would fain have my Lord satisfied—What a Jilt you are.

[Aside.]

Leo. Nay, I am resolv'd he shall know all—In short, my Lord, what you over-heard there, was his particular Request to me, to give you a Pretence for leaving me, and at the same time to conceal his real Passion, by feigning a feigned one to me ; and since I find, my Lord, that you have been long engaged elsewhere,

46 W O M A N ' s W I T : Or,  
where, I tell you this to let you see I have been before-hand with you.

L. Lov. Confusion ! he has been my secret Rival ! Sure Hell ne'er form'd so close an Artifice ! [Aside.

Lon. Ah, Dear Madam ! I am obliged to you : But faith this won't do : Your humble Servant——Come, my Lord !

L. Lov. No, Sir ! don't think it shall : Tho' I have been this Lady's Af, I will be yours no longer : I don't wonder now you thought her false to me !

Lon. My Lord ! [Amaz'd.

Leo. Fye ! Mr. Longville, no more of this ! The Farce is over now, and I can't bear any Thing from you, that looks so like Indifference.

Lon. Confound your Kindness !

Leo. Nay, I vow I ask your Pardon ! And since I find you are so unwilling to reveal it, 'tis not gone so far, but we may blind him still : 'Tis but your seeming to use me ill again : Now, begin to rail at me !

Lon. Stupendious Impudence !

L. Lov. Infinuating Slave ! [Aside.

Leo. So ! so ! very well, I'll swear ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Lon. Fury ! Monster !

Leo. Better yet ! O ! I shall die !

Lon. Harpy ! Fiend ! Devil !

Leo. Admirably well acted, I'll swear—so, now take up a little.

Lon. I shall observe you, Madam !

L. Lov. So soon instructed, Sir ! [Aside.

Lon. I find there is no Remedy but Patience ! the more I strive, the faster I am entangled——my Lord, I must confess I cannot wonder at your Amazement. But as a Token of my Innocence——

[Offering his Sword to L. Lovemore.

Leo. Be sure you keep your Countenance.

[Aloud in his Ear.

L. Lov. S'Death ! am I become your Sport !

Lon. Exquisite Devil !

[Astonish'd.

L. Lov.

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L. Lov. No, Sir, keep your Sword ! You may have Occasion for it — Farewel — [Exit L. Lovemore, hastily.]

Lon. Confusion ! he is undone ! I've ruin'd both myself and him ! Something must be thought on speedily.

[Leonora looks gravely on Longville, and on a sudden bursts into a loud Laughter.]

Leo. Ha ! ha ! ha ! he !

Lon. Very well ! Your Tune may be chang'd, Madam, my Wits won't be idle.

Leo. Wit ! from thee ! I shall as soon dread it from a Country Parson : Go, Sir, to your Friend, he'll thank you for the Pains you've taken, and certainly admire your Wit ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Lon. Damn her, she has unman'd me, almost work'd me to the Thoughts of a Revenge. [Muses.]

Leo. Ha ! I see my Mother coming ! I'll set her upon him to heighten my Triumph.

Enter Lady Manlove.

L. Man. Well, Child, have you done with Mr. Longville yet ?

Leo. O Madam, the saddest Accident ! Poor Mr. Longville's distract'd ! Look how he chafes and frowns ! His Fit's upon him now ! He abuses ev'ry one he speaks to, has almost frighted me out of my Wits.

L. Man. I'll swear I thought his Behaviour this Morning was a little strange ; good luck ! Can't you guess at the Occasion, Child.

Leo. I don't know what to think, Madam ; but my Lord Lovemore tells me you are the Occasion : He says, he has never been right since your Ladyship protest'd against a second Marriage. — Dear Madam, won't you speak to him ?

L. Man. Lord ! that ever my Rashness shou'd be the Occasion of such a Misfortune ! How wild he looks !

Lon. [To Himself.] To what a Plunge am I reduc'd ?

I am

I am not only in Danger of forfeiting his Friendship, but of his loosing himself a gen to her: My Life ! My Friend ! My Honour, all's in Danger : For shou'd he challenge me, my Innocence will not let me answer him ! If I refuse, the World may think it Fear. Shou'd I fight, and Fortune put his Life into my Power, ev'n the Gift of that were not enough to clear my Honour ; for in his Heart he'll think me still a Villain.

L. Man. Well ! I can hold no longer ; the poor Man raves. [Weeps.]

Leo. It works as I cou'd wish. [Aside.]

Lon. S'Death ! the very Thought on't makes me mad !

L. Man. If you love my Life, Mr. Longville, let me know that Thought, or I shall run mad too ?

[Takes hold on him.]

Lon. Confusion ! am I fallen into her Clutches !

L. Man. Dear Mr. Longville, don't be thus frightened : For I had rather break a Thousand Vows, than see you in this Condition : All the World shan't persuade me : For I am now resolv'd to marry you.

Lon. Hark you, Madam, who puts you upon this ?

L. Man. Lord ! wh— wh— why do you stare so ? [Trembling.]

Lon. To hear a Woman of your Years talk thus : Pray, Madam, how old are you ?

L. Man. Why do you talk so wildly ?

Lon. I say, Madam, how old are you ?

L. Man. Nay, dear Sir, don't let my Age discourage you : For I hope still to be the Mother of many a dear Child, provided I deserve for 'em by your reasonable Endeavours.

Lon. Let me tell you, Madam, you are now big with a false Conception, and will certainly miscarry of it. [Going.]

L. Man. O ! I can't part with you, while you have a Thought that wrongs my Honour. [Holds him.]

Lon. That's impossible ! thy Face protects it : Age and Ugliness lie intrench'd in thy hollow Cheeks, and bid

bid Defiance to all Scandal; yet, thou art every Day displaying thy Colours of White and Red, to make the World believe thou art in Action still.—Come! come! Madam, you had as good give over beating up for Voluntiers: For the Devil a Man will you raise to starve in those Winter Quarters.

[Exit.]

Leo. Ha! Gone! I am afraid, Madam, this Madness is affected: I really believe, because I refus'd his Addresses, he was resolv'd to be reveng'd by affronting your Ladyship and me.

L. Man. How! His Addresses! Nay, then I'll be reveng'd! Olivia shall revenge me: For I will go, and tell her of it immediately.

Leo. O! Madam, I have such a Story of him for your Ladyship's Ear.

L. Man. Prithee! let's in, and have it at Dinner.

[Exit Lady Manlove.]

Leo. What a malicious Devil is this Longville? To rob me in one Minute of the Pride of all my Conquests. Why let him go! I have still the Glory of a Brave Revenge to boast! Perhaps his Life may pay for't: If all the Devils in our Sex can ruin him, it shall! An unform'd Mischief lies rowling in my Thoughts, and tells me I shall triumph! That Men shou'd ever match their Wit with ours! What, but a Woman, cou'd thus fool'd his treacherous Friend, and a resenting Lover? Lovers or not, we still defy their boasted Sense: But when they love, what Slaves, what Wretches do we make 'em? How easy 'tis to look 'em into ruin!

If they wrong us, we seek a brave Revenge,  
When we are frail, we make the Injur'd cringe;  
Our Eyes prevail, when fullen Reason's deaf,  
Our Tears persuade 'em, — and the Fools believe;  
While false, we Lord-like reign, and only find,  
'Tis being true, that ruins Woman-kind.

[Exit.]

## A C T   III.

**S C E N E,** a Dining-Room in Longville's House.

*Enter Olivia, and Emilia.*

*Emi.* Rithee, my Dear, think better of him.

*Oli.* I never shall ! he won't give me leave to do it——If he valued me, or took any Pleasure in my Commands, he wou'd take less in my Lady Manlove's Company ; he lives there, I think.

*Emi.* Bless me, can you be jealous of him with a stale Widow, he is no younger Brother, my Dear !

*Oli.* He is a Man, consequently a Thing that's vain, and loves to be admir'd.

*Emi.* There are such Out-cast Fops indeed, who, rather than not be lik'd at all, will take up with the common Favours of an old Lady. But I can't think my Brother so necessitous a Lover, having already merited the good Opinion of my dear *Olivia* ; nay, I must believe he merits it, or you wou'd not so often have confess'd it.

*Oli.* I am not ashame'd to own myself in an Error.

*Emi.* Your greatest Error is your doubting him : Come ! you shall think better of him, 'twill oblige your Friend : I am in pain while you are thus severe to him : Have I no Power, Dear *Olivia* ?

*Oli.* Kind *Emilia* ! I cannot think thou wouldst use that Power, did not thy Brother's Innocence persuade thee : O ! I cou'd devour thee for thy generous Faith to him. [Kisses her.] And if I love him well, 'tis for his tender Care of thee.

*Emi.*

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*Emi.* He loves me best, in loving you so faithfully :  
Indeed he loves you, I am sure he does : For he has  
taught me hitherto, to avoid most Women's Friendship :  
But when I mention'd you ! O ! How he press'd me to  
my applauded Choice, and charm'd me with your Virtues.

*Oli.* This from a Friend assures me to be happy :  
But is he not to blame, my Dear ?

*Emi.* Take it on my Word, not now : 'Tis a Business  
of Concern that keeps him there, I want time to tell  
you what : Have but a little Patience, and his Return will  
satisfy you : Prithee be Good-humour'd, he won't be  
long, I am sure ! Here's the Harpsicord to divert us in  
the mean time. Come ! I will have a Lesson.

*Oli.* Prithee, I can't play. [ *Uneasy.* ]

*Emi.* Nay, I won't court you, but make you !  
There ! There ! Gentlewoman.

[ *Pulls her to the Harpsicord.* ]

*Oli* Lord ! I am n't in Humour now.—Prithee ! Can't  
you send to my Lady *Manlove's*.

*Emi.* Hum ! I find she sticks in your Stomach still.—  
Who's there ?

*Enter a Servant.*

Step to my Lady *Manlove's* in the *Pall-mall* and tell  
my Brother here is a Lady stays for him,— make haste.

[ *Exit Servant.* ]

[ *Olivia smiles on Emilia, and begins to play.* ]

*Emi.* O ! have I put you in Tune, Madam.

[ *The Tune ended, Emilia says* ]

*Emi.* Nay, nay, you shan't give over so ! I will have  
a Song too.

*Oli.* Nay if I sing —

*Emi.* If you don't, I shall be very angry, Madam.

[ *Olivia Sings.* ]

Tell me, Belinda, Prithee do,

(The Wanton Cælia said)

Since you'll allow no Lover true,

(Inform a tender Maid)

Are not we Women Fools then to be so ?  
 Belinda smiling thus the Sex betray'd:  
 Men have their Arts, and we have Eyes,  
 We both believe, and both tell Lies ;  
 Tho' they a Thousand Hearts pursue,  
 We love to wound as many too.  
 Yet still with Virtue ! Virtue ! keep a pothe,  
 We look ! we love !  
 We like ! we leave !  
 We both deceive !  
 And thus are Fools to one another.

Oli. What is not this Fellow come back yet ? Well ! I am out Patience.

Emi. Prithee what time did you appoint my Brother, that you are so uneasy ?

Oli. I sent him Word to meet me at my Father's at three this Afternoon, where I find he has neither been, or left any Word for me.

Emi. Why what o'Clock do you take it to be now ?

Oli. Past the Hour I am sure : 'Twas after Two before I came from Kensington.

Emi. To see how slowly Hours move with absent Lovers : Now my Watch wants above ten Minutes of Two.

Oli. I don't know, I am sure it's past Three by my Inclination.

Emi. Prithee set it back a little : But see here is the Messenger : Now I suppose, you may let it go as it will.

*Re-enter the Servant.*

Did you see my Brother ?

Serv. No, Madam, he has not been there this Half-hour.

Oli. And don't they know whither he went.

Serv. No, Madam : but my Lady *Manlove* desires to speak with your Ladyship, and bid me tell you, that

that perhaps she can satisfy you ; i. your Ladyship stays here long she will wait upon you.

Oli. No ! no ! I'll go to her, she will be an Hour a setting herself out : Come, my Dear, will you go along with me : Well, I am sure I shall hear no good of him.

Emi. Perhaps not, if my Lady *Manlove* has any Thing to say of him. But however, I will bear you Company : How did you come, my Dear ?

Oli. O prithee make haste, my Coach will carry us. [Exeunt.

The S C E N E changes to *Locket's in the Street.*

Enter Lord Lovemore in a Chair.

L. Lov. to the **H** Old ! — [To his Servant.] Step Chairman. into *Locket's*, and enquire if Mr. *Longville* be there. — Don't say I would speak with him.

Exit Servant, and returns.

Serv. He is not there, my Lord, but they expect him every Minute.

L. Lov. Set me down. — There.

[Gives them Money.]

Chair. God bless your Honour. [Exit Chairman.]

Lord Lovemore goes to the Door.

L. Lov. If he comes this Way I am sure of him. — But I am not sure of my Revenge in so publick a Place. — Let me see, how shall I manage him. [Muses.]

Major Rakish appears in the Balcony smoaking.

Maj. A hey ! Dog ! Son of a Whore ! some more Wine here, quick.

*One speaks witbin, ringing a Bell.*

*Within.* Here Tom ! Dick ! speak there ! —  
Coming, Sir.

*Maj.* Who's that, my Lord Lovemore ! Ods-heart,  
we have staid this Hour for you ! Where's Charles, Man !  
where's Charles ?

*L. Lov.* He won't be long, I wait for him : We'll be  
with you presently.

*Maj.* Prithee make haste, Odsbud, the rarest Haunch  
of Venison, and Colliflowers —— A hey ! Dinner  
there. [Exit Major.]

*L. Lov.* I have thought on't ! there I shall be sure  
of him. Hey ! Waiter !

*Enter a Waiter.*

*L. Lov.* Have you e'er a Back-Room empty ?

*Wait.* Yes, my Lord, you may have the Lion.

*L. Lov.* When Mr. Longville comes : Be sure you  
show us there. [Exit Waiter.]

How basely has this Man betray'd me ; had he like a  
generous Friend to me confess'd himself my Rival, I  
then had only griev'd to have found him so, and thought  
that Leonora's Charms were irresistible : But like a  
Traitor, thus to throw a foul Asperion on my Love,  
secretly to insinuate that I am false to her ! O, 'tis the  
basest lowest Act of groveling Treachery ! Had he ten  
Thousand Lives, I would serve them all to my Revenge.  
Ha ! he is here, I'll take him while my Resentment's  
warm.

*Longville alights from another Chair.*

*Lon.* I am glad to find you here, my Lord, I would  
fain speak with you.

*L. Lov.* Come, let's walk up ; we are staid for.

*Within.* Welcome, Sir ! please to walk this Way,  
Gentlemen.

*The*

The SCENE changes to a Back-Room  
in the House. A Waiter shows in Lord  
Lovemore, and Longville; and Exit.

Lord Lovemore claps to the Door, and locks it.

Lon. HA! so sudden! Nay, then 'twas well that I  
prepar'd myself.

L. Lov. You guess my Meaning, Sir?

Lon. I apprehend your Error, and it grieves me.

L. Lov. Dost thou not blush?

Lon. For what? because a Woman has outwitted me?  
If so, my Lord, yourself should change your Colour.

L. Lov. I find thou art grown an harden'd Villain.

Lon. When your amazing Jealousy's my Judge, the  
worst of Villains. My Reason is in Health, and con-  
strues nothing ill from a distemper'd Friend.

L. Lov. Have I not Reason to be sick of thee?

Lon. Thus far you have: When, as a Friend, I of-  
fer'd you a Cordial for the Infection of Leonora's Eyes:  
She in Revenge, persuades you 'tis a Poison: I cannot  
blame your Fears: But till you find the Poison work,  
believe me still your Friend.

L. Lov. So artful, Sir! You wou'd have me respit  
my Revenge, till you have fix'd my Leonora, married,  
and enjoy'd her! Confusion! Didst think I would  
resign her tamely to thy Arms? Monster, no! Thou  
ne'er shalt triumph there, till thou hast made thy Way  
through me—Draw—And, if thou hast any Title  
to her Heart, dispute it like a Man: For I am now  
resolv'd, but one of us shall live to claim it.

Lon. By Heav'n, you are on the Brink of Ruin, hear  
me: But \_\_\_\_\_ you know it is not Fear that holds  
my Arm.

L. Lov. 'Tis worse! Thy close designing Craft;  
thy Aim, is still to cheat me with a pretended Friend-

ship ! No more ! I will not give thee time to form a new Evasion : Therefore draw ; for I have sworn to satisfy my Revenge, and injur'd Love.

*Lon.* What if I renounce all claim to *Leonora*, or bind myself by solemn Contract never to speak, think of, or see her more.

*L. Lov.* So tame ! No ! Even this is not enough to save thy Life : For tho' thy despicable Baseness now prompts thee to forswear thy Love ; yet, still thy foul Detraction has for ever ruin'd mine. *Leonora* thinks me false, and only in Revenge has favour'd thee : I flight thee as a Rival : But as a Villain am resolv'd to end thee—— Guard thy Life.

*Lon.* Give me but an Hour's Time to prove your Error : Nay, but a Moment now ! Hear me but speak !

*L. Lov.* Draw, or I'll nail thee to the Ground !

*Lon.* Nay, then !—— By Heav'n I will be heard.

[*Presents a Pistol.*

*L. Lov.* Ha ! What means the Villain !

*Lon.* Stir not, as you prize your Life—— And now I'll own myself a Villain ! I mean for my betraying *Leonora*, had not you been blind to your Scorn : For though I knew her false, I took too base a Way to prove her so : Nothing cou'd excuse me but the Height of Friendship ! Were what I have done presented on a Stage, all generous Souls wou'd hate me for the Part I have acted : But since my good Intention is so ill rewarded by your ungrateful Jealousy, I here retort the Villain back ; and in Defiance of thy Rage, thus arm a Madman's Frenzy. [*Offers him another Pistol.*] I wou'd answer with my Sword, but, as you know, being disabled by a late Wound in my Arm, I thought if you were resolv'd on Death, this was the surer Way too for one of us to find him : Now, make your Choice, my Lord.

[*L. Lov. takes one.*

—*Spain's Lohengrin a diverting history of knightly virtue and a girl*

*L. Lov.*

L. Lov. Now ! thou art a worthy Rival ! No more, but both retire ; and then advancing, as our Fate directs us, never let us meet again.

[They advance from each End of the Room, and fire on one another ; Lon. falls.

Lon. Now, Leonora's yours ! Fly, my Lord, and save yourself.

L. Lov. No ! I have kill'd thee bravely, therefore will not fly : Thy Life was forfeited to thy Breach of Friendship ; and, tho' the Law has no Regard to an honourable Revenge ; yet, there's a higher Power that controuls its Rigour, where I am sure so just an Action will have Mercy.

Within. Open the Door there ! Open the Door.

L. Lov. Who are you ?

Y. Ra. Friends, my Lord ! your Friends.

Within. Hey ! A Lever there ! Let's break it open ?

L. Lov. You shall not need [Unlocks the Door] Now, Gentlemen, you may enter.

Enter the Major, Y. Rakish, a Gentleman, and several People of the House.

Maj. Why, how now, my Lord ! What the Devil, have you more Stomach to a Brace of Bullets, than a good Slice of Venison ? A Pox on your forc'd Meat, odsbud I don't like it. —— Why, what's the Matter, Man ?

Y. Ra. Ha ! Longville, wounded !

Gent. Pray, my Lord, how came this ?

L. Lov. That you shall know another Time ; let it suffice, I own myself the Man, that kill'd him ; I glory in the Action, and will answer it to the Law. —— Pray, Gentlemen, keep out the Crowd ; for I wou'd not give Fools a Holiday before my Time.

Maj. Clear the Room there ! —— You Dog ! Run for a Surgeon quickly, — let's see, what is there no Hopes ? Here ! here ! Jacky, help him up a little —

[*They set him in a Chair.*]— What a Devil is he quite gone ! Plague on't, now must I go to Law with his Executors for my Five Hundred Pound : Why, what an unfortunate Son of a Whore wert thou to leave it in his Hands.

*Y. Ra.* Any Hands, but yours, dear Daddy. Ha ! he stirs.

*Maj.* Ah ! dear *Charles*, the Five Hundred Pound ! What hast thou done with it ? speak ! speak ! my dear Boy, where is't ?

*Y. Ra.* S'death, Sir, is that a Question to ask a dying Man ?

*Maj.* It is too much Money, Sir, for a dying Man to run away with.

*Gent.* Here, some fair Water there.

*Lon.* [*Rising.*] I am obliged to you for your Care, Gentlemen : But, at present there is no Occasion for it.

*Maj.* What a Devil, does he walk before he is dead ?

*Y. Ra.* Why, how now *Charles* ! Alive again, and unhurt ! How is't ?

*L. Lov.* Ha ! what Devil has instructed him thus to baffle my Revenge ?

*Lon.* And now, my Lord, I'll prove myself again your Friend : I fear'd your Jealousy would break into some Extravagance ; and to deceive its Rage, took Care to arm you with an unloaded Pistol : I knew, the Noise would bring in People to prevent a sudden Mischief, and give me Time to clear my Innocence ; which, if I now don't convince you of in an Hour, dare me to the Field ; if I refuse you then, think me a Villain still, and post me for a Coward. — If you believe I speak this out of Fear, my Lord, you wrong your Conscience : For I have giv'n Proof, when your Occasions call'd me, that I esteem'd my Honour more than Life.

*L. Lov.* I own it true, and 'tis that Thought encourages

courages me to embrace the Offer; in the mean time, I will struggle with my Reason to believe thee innocent.

Maj. Look you, my Lord! Tho' I know nothing at all of this Busines, yet I know Charles is a very honest Fellow, and I'll stand by him. If he must have Occasion for a Second, Odsbud, old Dick's his humble Servant. [Claps Lon. on the Back.

Y. Ra. Nay then, Sir, little Jacky's oblig'd in Honour to be my Lord's.

Maj. Well said, Wickedness! There's an ingenious Dog! now, rather than be out of Mischief, will he fight with his own Father.

Y. Ra. Why faith, old Gentleman, you have liv'd out of all Conscience; and, unless I make an Hole in your Lungs, I find I shall never make one in your Estate.

Maj. It's a good Lad! —— Why, thou wilt have a Thousand Pound a Year, my little Jacky, if thou art not hang'd before I die.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Gentlemen! your Dinner is upon the Table.

Maj. Come, come, walk in my Lord, I am resolv'd to see you Friends again.

L. Lov. I shall be glad of an Occasion, Sir;

Lon. Fear not, my Lord, my Honour is engag'd to give it you. [Exeunt.

The S C E N E changes to Lady Manlove's House.

Enter Trifte and Lettice.

Tri. WELL, Lettice, this is a rare Family we live in: For, what between the Amours of my Lady Leonora, and the Over-fondness of her

Mother my Lady *Mankove*, we are in a very fair way of making our Fortunes.

*Lett.* Nay, for my Part, I have no reason to complain : For if I have but a mind to a particular Suit of Knots, or a Gown of my Lady's, 'tis but commanding her Complexion in a quite contray Colour, and the Busyness is done ; and if you have but a new Intrigue to entertain her with, her Soul's your own. O law ! did I never tell you how she serv'd an amorous Book of Major *Rakish*'s t'other day.

*Trif.* No, Prithee ! how was it ?

*Lett.* Why you must know last Week she borrow'd a French Novel of him ; and being told there was one deadly smutty Page in it, she very discreetly beg'd him to double it down, that she might be sure to avoid it : But when she gave him the Book again, that poor Page was more thumb'd and blurr'd, than the Beginning of a School-boy's Accidence.

*Trif.* Ha ! ha ! and no doubt but she took more Pains to get it by heart. But hark you, *Lettice*, now you talk of a School-Boy, how stands your Affair with my Lady's Son, Mass *Johnny* ?

*Lett.* O in a very fair Way, I can assure you : He pretends to comply with his Mother's Design in going to St. Omers : But I know it's only his Cunning to try whether or no I shall be concern'd to part with him : Now I am unwilling to lose him by being too forward, and am resolv'd to drive Things to an Extremity before I consent to marry him.

*Trif.* How ! to marry him, why I thought you only design'd to make a Fool of him.

*Lett.* Why that's making an Husband of him, I think : O dear, here come's my Lady, I'll tell you more anon.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

Enter a Gentleman with Olivia, Emilia, and Lady Manlove.

Gent. [To Olivia.] What I have told you, Madam, is Word for Word, as I had it from Mr. Longville's own Mouth ; Well, Ladies, I have perform'd my Duty, and now must beg your Pardon ; I left him at Locket's, and promised him to return immediately.

L. Man. Cousin, your Servant.

Oli. Sir, I thank you, I am glad you have eas'd us of our Fear.

Gent. Madam, Your humble Servant. [Exit Gent.

Emi. Now, my Dear, I hope you are satisfied of my Brother's Truth.

Oli. It seems, my Lord, is not yet satisfied of his Friendship.

Emi. But you hear he has engag'd to convince him of it in an Hour.

Oli. When he does that, I shall know how to settle my Opinion.

Enter to them Leonora.

Leo. Ladies, your Servant : I hope you have heard Mr. Longville is alive still ?

Emi. Yes, Madam, and I hope will live to give a Proof very shortly both of his Love and Friendship.

Leo. As for his Friendship that I can't answer for : But I confess, I have no Reason to complain of him as a Lover.

Oli. How, Madam !

Emi. You have no Reason to complain of him as a Lover !

L. Man. O dear Ladies ! Is that such News to you ? Well, I find of all People your near Relations never trust one another with their Love-secrets.

Emi. This Insolence is insupportable ! [Aside.] Pray, Madam, what Proof has my Brother ever given of his Love to you ?

Leo.

*Leo.* Nay, I can't swear, that he has given any certain Proof, for now a-days Men offer Marriage, as their Interest directs them, not their Love.

*Oli.* I see Women are more vain, than Men are false : Now, Madam, I am concern'd, and I must tell you, you are the last of Woman kind, cou'd make me so far jealous of Mr. *Longville* : I know the Race of Man wou'd fall, were only he and you alive to raise it.

*Leo.* I see Vanity, Madam, is a raging Vice among our Sex, and when it meets with a Disappointment, it knows itself to Envy. [Scornfully.]

*Oli.* Yes, and Revenge too, Madam, which I find is now your Aim for Mr. *Longville's* disappointing you of my Lord *Lovemore*.

*Leo.* All Happiness, Madam, is Opinion ; believe he loves you, and you are happy still.

*Oli.* No, Madam, let Opinion be your Security, I will be contented with Demonstration : Were there no other Way to satisfy my Lord *Lovemore's* Jealousy, I would marry him this very Minute.

*Emi.* [To *Leo.*] Dear Madam, say all the provoking Things you can to make her pursue that Resolution, if it be but to heighten your own Triumph !

*Leo.* How, Madam ! Marry him this very Minute ? Why, sure you wou'd not ravish him : For I can never believe he will consent to it.

*Oli.* You are not the first Lady, Madam, that has mistaken good Manners for Love.

*Leo.* Nor he the first Man, Madam, that has conceal'd his Love with good Manners : Look you, Madam, not that I am fond of publishing my Conquest : But if you will give me leave, I will write to him this very Minute, and you shall judge what Interest I have in him by his Answer.

*Oli.* You had as good let it alone, Madam, it's ten to one but he disappoints you again.

Leo. However, Madam, you will give me leave to try my Power, [Smiling.] Some Pens and Paper there.

Oli. What are you going to do, Madam :

Leo. To write to Mr. Longville, Madam.

Oli. [Pausing.] ——— I declare it she provokes me ! ——— And dare you let me see what you write, Madam ?

Leo. Freely, Madam, if you'll give yourself the Trouble.

Oli. Pshaw ! ——— Well ! Madam ! Pray, give me leave to write to him too ?

Leo. All the Reason in the World, Madam.

Oli. I am amaz'd ! why, Madam, will you write to him ?

Leo. With your Permission, Madam.

Oli. Sure, I don't understand you ! I mean to Mr. Longville !

Leo. Ay ! ay ! to Mr. Charles Longville, this Lady's Brother ; I will write to him to meet me within half an Hour, at Mrs. Siam's, the Indian-House in St. James's-Street, and for both our Satisfactions, do you appoint him in another Place at the very same time.

Enter a Servant with Pens and Paper.

Oli. So positive ! This to convince you Madam,

[Sits to write.]

Emi. [To Leo.] I don't know what your Meaning may be : But I am sure, Madam, my Brother will be obliged to you for his Happiness : You'll gain him more in one Minute, as her pretended Rival, than half an Age of Love cou'd purchase him.

Leo. [Aside.] Poor easy Fool ! His Happiness ! no, his Ruin, or my Wit shall fail me. [Sits to write.]

Emi. [To L. Man.] Methinks, Madam, this is a very odd Undertaking, for a Couple of Ladies to draw two several Bills upon a Gentleman's Heart, and both payable at Sight : 'Tis well; if he don't prove a true Banker,

64 WO<sup>M</sup>AN'S WIT : Or,  
Banker, and make them wait his Leisure for the  
Payment.

L. Man. O Madam ! the Fund of Love is never so  
low ; young Men have always a little running Cash to  
supply a present Occasion.

Emi. Ay, Madam, but one had as good be with-  
out it. It is commonly upon very hard Conditions.

L. Man. I'll swear, Madam, there you are in the  
Right : For now a-days, a Woman can no more expect  
to receive a Billet-deux in honourable Love, than a  
Bill of Exchange, in all Ready Money.

Emi. Ay, Madam ! You see what ill Women, and  
Clippers have brought us to !

L. Man. Nay, Madam, don't lay the Fault upon us  
poor Women : For to my Knowledge, 'tis the false  
Men, that offer their base Love.

Emi. But the Women——take it, Madam.

L. Man. Not all of them, Madam, as you woud  
say yourself, if you knew what severe Repulses I have  
given young Mr. Rakish ; Nay, I can assure you the  
old Gentleman, the Major too, has made his Attempts :  
Well, Madam ! If I thought you woud be secret, I  
cou'd tell you more too.

Emi. Than I desire to know, I find ! [Aside.] If you  
please, Madam, another time. Well ——— have you  
done, Ladies ?

Leo. Yes, Madam ! I have finish'd mine.

Oli. I have but two Words more ——— So !

Leo. Now, Madam, if you please we will read 'em.

Leonora reads her Letter.

My Resolution still holds of meeting you in half an Hour  
(according to your first Appointment,) at Mrs. Siam's ;  
dear Mr. Longville, be careful of my Lord Lovemore,  
whom you will find it hard to over-reach a second Time.  
While he is deluded, nothing can disturb the Happiness  
of your

LEONORA.

Emi.

Emi. Phoo ! She'll never send this Letter.  
Come, my Dear, now let's hear yours.

Olivia reads,

The Town is in a very scandalous Story concerning your Quarrel with my Lord Lovemore : Pray, let me see you at my Father's in half an Hour : For I am impatient till I know the real Truth : Fail not a Minute, as you prize the Quiet of Your

O L I V I A.

Emi. The Quiet of your Olivia ! Nothing but Death I am sure will hinder him from obeying so kind a Summons.

Leo. Very well ! If you'll give me leave, Madam, I will seal it for you.

Oli. O ! I won't trouble you, Madam.

Leo. No Trouble, Madam : Pray, oblige me. [Oli. gives Leo. the Letter.] Have you your Seal about you, Madam ! [To L. Man.]

L. Man. I must know your Design. [Aside.] Ay, Child !

[L. Man. pretends to be some time feeling for her Seal.

Leo. [Softly to L. Man.] Now, Madam, do you keep them in Discourse a little, while I alter one Word in her Letter.

L. Man. Ha ! What Word ?

Leo. Instead of her Father's, I will put in Mrs. Siam's, the very same Place Mr. Longville is to meet at.

L. Man. Admirable ! But what will you do with your own Letter ?

Leo. That I will take Care by a pretended Mistake shall come to my Lord Lovemore's Hands. Ask no more Questions, Madam ; give me the Seal quickly.

L. Man. O ! Now I have found it ! — There, Child.

[Aloud.] [L. Man. gives Leo. the Seal, and goes to the Ladies ; while they seem to talk, Leo. alters the Letters and seals it.]

Leo.

*Leo.* There's your Letter, Madam. [To Olivia.]

*Oli.* Who's there ?

*Enter a Servant to Olivia.*

Here ! Step to *Locket's*, and give this Letter to Mr. *Longville* ! If you don't find me here, bring me an Answer to my Father's.

*Leo.* offering to seal her own Letter.

*Oli.* Hold ! Madam, once more for my Satisfaction, let me see if this be the same Letter you show'd me ?

*Leo.* The Consequence wou'd have convinc'd you, Madam ; but, I can't blame you for believing your Eyes.

*Oli.* 'Tis the same. [She returns it to *Leo.* who seals it.] Pray let me see you send it, however.

*Leo.* Within there !

*Enter a Servant to Leo.*

Run with this to Mr. *Longville* at *Locket's*. [He is going] De'e hear ! — stay below till farther Order. [Softly.] It requires no Answer, make haste again. [Aloud.]

*Oli.* *Emilia* ! are you not amaz'd ? You see she has sent the Letter ! He will not meet her, sure !

*Emi.* I know not what to think !

*Oli.* Wou'd I had never sent him mine : I begin to fear her now.

*Emi.* Don't let her see you do, I am as impatient of the Event, as thou art.

*Oli.* Dear *Emilia*, go with me to my Father's, I am in a thousand Fears, and dare not trust myself alone.

*Emi.* Ladies your Servant.

*Leo.* Your Servant, Madam.

*L. Man.* Dear Ladies, your most essential humble Servant.

*Leo.* Trifte.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter]

Enter Trifle.

Tri. Madam.

Leo. Look me out a Hood, and Scarf, and Mask,  
and bid Sam. come to me.

Tri. Yes, Madam.

L. Man. [Aside.] I am resolv'd to encourage her in  
this Design, because it forwards my Revenge upon Mr.  
*Longville*, for slighting the Advances I made him.—  
Well, my Dear, while you are pursuing this Affair, I'll  
take care to dispatch your Brother *Johnny*; when he is  
once dispos'd of, let me alone to manage the Estate; the  
sturdy Oaks shall bow their Head, I'll make 'em know  
their Mistress. [Exit.

Re-enter the Servant to Leo.

Leo. Have you my Letter?

Ser. Yes, Madam.

Leo. Go to *Locket's*, and send it up to my Lord *Lover-*  
*more* by a Waiter: If my Lord questions you about it,  
face him down you bid the Fellow give it to Mr. *Long-*  
*ville*. [Exit Ser.] I think my Project cannot fail:  
For by my Lord's Resentment, or *Olivia's* Jealousy, any  
Way my Ends are answered: It has all the various Mo-  
tions of a Clock, and points me to the Day, the Hour,  
nay the very Minute of Revenge. [Exit.

The Scene changes to *Locket's*: Lord *Lover-*  
*more*, *Longville*, the Major, his Son, and  
a Gentleman are Drinking at a Table.

Maj. O Dsbud, my Lord, you are not merry: I am  
sure *Charles* is a very honest Fellow: But  
you don't look as if you were heartily reconcil'd to him:  
Pox o' these handsome young Jades, they are good for  
nothing but to put People out of Humour..

L. Lov. You mistake me, Sir, I am very merry:  
And

And to satisfy you that I am not out of Humour, pray Sir, lend me the Flask ! Come, Sir, (*to Lon.*) to a right Understanding between us.

*Lon.* I thank you, my Lord : I don't like this Ceremony.

*Enter a Waiter, with Olivia's Servant at the Door.*

*Wait.* Is Mr. Longville here, Gentlemen ?

*Lon.* Ay ! Who wou'd speak with me ?

*Wait.* A Footman waits at the Door, Sir.

*Foot.* Sir, I have a Letter for you.

*Lon.* Ha ! From *Olivia* ! [Reads] um !—um !—Let me see you at *Mrs. Siam's* in half an Hour—Humh ! How comes she to fancy that Place—Um !—Um !—Fail not, as you prize the Quiet of your—*Olivia*.—So kind ! This is fortunate ! If I can persuade her in this Humour to make me some Acknowledgment before my Lord : Sure ! That must convince him of my Innocence. [*He whispers the Footman, who goes out.*] Gentlemen, I must ask your Pardon : I have a little urgent Business fallen out ! —— And now, my Lord, I propose in less than an Hour, to give you the Satisfaction I promis'd you.

*L. Lov.* Where shall I find you ?

*Lon.* If you please, my Lord, at my own House.

*L. Lov.* I'll not fail. [*Walks apart.*]

*Lon.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll make the Venison mine. There ! [*Throws down two Guineas.*]

*Y. Ra.* O fy ! *Charles* ! Your Club is not half this, by no means.

*Maj.* Let's see ! let see ! [*snatching 'em out of Y. Ra. Hand.*] What is't ? Two Guineas ! Odsheat, this is too much of all Conscience ! Why ! What dost thou mean ?

*Lon.* Gentlemen, I brought you hither !

*Maj.* (*Pausing*) Well !—a— I'll pay your Club, *Charles* : Don't forget to ask me for the Overplus.

[*Puts 'em into his Pocket.*]

*Y. Ra.*

Y. Ra. Humh ! If he does, Sir, you will put him in mind on't, I suppose.

Maj. Why what's that to you, Sawee ! What have you to say to it ?

Y. Ra. Nay, Sir, nothing at all, not I : The Guineas are good Guineas, and in my Opinion, they are in very good Hands too.

Maj. What you have a mind to finger 'em, have you ? Bras ! Humh !

Y. Ra. No, Sir, I seldom meddle under five Hundred.

Maj. Odso ! that's true, my little *Jacky ! Charles !* the Five Hundred Pound, you forgot that, my dear Boy.

Lon. I ask your Pardon, Major : But I have left it below. [To a Waiter.] Bid your Master send me up that Money I gave him. [Exit Waiter.]

Y. Ra. Pshaw ! you need not give yourself that Trouble, *Charles*, I have no great Occasion for it now.

Maj. Humh ! That's true again, my little *Jacky !* But you know a Body wou'd be sure 'tis safe ! Humh !

*The Waiter returns, and gives the Money to Longville.*

Lon. [To the Gent.] Dear Ned, I must engage you to be Trustee : If the Major won't come to Composition, keep it till I see you again : My Lord, your humble Servant, Gentlemen I am yours.

Maj. O, that's well ! but prithee Ned, let's see, if it be right, my dear Boy.

*Offering to take it from the Gent. Y. Ra. pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Y. Ra. Hark you, Sir ! I am considering what will be my best Way to dispose of this Money.

Maj. Humh ! Dispose of it, didst thou say ! Newgate ! Humh !

Y. Ra.

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir, for you know these are very good Times to improve Ready-Money in !

Maj. Ay, and Impudence too, my little *Jacky*: For now a-days, if a Man have but a good brazen Face, it does not signify whether he has any Money in his Pocket, or no.

Y. Ra. Why, therefore, Sir, I consider'd, 'twas no great Matter how little you carried about you.

Maj. It's a good Lad ! Hark you ! *Jacky* ! —— Was you never out of Countenance ?

Y. Ra. Humh ! Yes, Sir, for you sometimes, as last Night, when you cheated me of my Fifty Guineas.

Maj. That Face will get the Dog an Estate in time. —— Well ! then thou hast a Mind to improve this Money, *Jacky* ?

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir, if you wou'd but put me into a Way.

Maj. Why so, I will, my little *Jacky*, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do with it presently, let's see ! what is it all in Gold !

[Offering towards it, Y. Ra. steps before him.]

Y. Ra. O ! you need not trouble yourself to look upon it, Sir, it's all Gold to my Knowledge.

Gent. Come ! Faith Major, to make an end of the Busines, you shall ev'n divide it ; that is, give your Son one half in hand, and (as a careful Father ought) lay up the other, till his Occasions call for it.

Maj. Ay ! —— That is, give him all, and take the rest to myself ! Why really, if it were not for a little Scandal, a Sharper is a very good Trade, I see.

Y. Ra. What's that you say, Sir ? Dammee ! A Sharper ! I suppose, you have a Mind to tilt for it ?

Maj. I shou'd make a very poor Dog of thee, *Jacky*, if it were to be decided that Way : That's a good Look, however.

[Aside.]

Y. Ra. If you think so, Sir, I wou'd have you try.

Maj. Say'it thou so, my little *Jacky* ? with all my Heart

Heart——Odsbud, I have a Trick to over-reach the Dog. [Aside.] Look ye, Ned! lay the Money fairly upon the Table.——Now draw, *Jacky*, Scabbard and all, my dear Boy: For I wou'd not willingly thrust a Sword into my own Bowels. I'll only shew thee what old *Jack* cou'd do upon Occasion; Judgment, my Lord.

L. Lov. How now, *Major*, what Fencing upon a full Stomach?

Y. Ra. Only exchanging a Thrust or two, my Lord, for a little Money.

Maj. Ay! ay! for every Thrust I receive, thou shalt have an hundred Pounds, *Jacky*; but if I disarm thee, not one Farthing.

Y. Ra. Done! Sir.

Maj. Done! my little *Jacky*.

Gent. Well! Gentlemen, are you agreed? Shall it be decided this Way?

Y. Ra. Ay! ay! Sir, we are agreed! Come, old Gentleman!

Maj. Look you, my Lord! here's my Guard! here I stand! and there's my Hat. [Throws it by] Are you ready, *Jacky*?

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir! come on!

Maj. And there's my Wig, you Dog. —————

[Flings it in his Face, and disarms him.

Y. Ra. S'death and Hell! Sir! you don't think I'll take this?

[The Major draws his Sword, and seizes the Money.

Maj. Tum! tum! dum, &c. [Sings carelessly.

Y. Ra. Dammee! Sir, I expect fair Play for the Money.

Maj. Tum! tum! dum.

[Keeping him off with his Sword.

Y. Ra. Judgment! Gentlemen, is this fair?

L. Lov. Faith, *Jack*, all that I can say to the Business is—that the old Gentleman has been too hard for thee.

Gent. Nay, you were disarm'd, that's certain.

Maj.

Maj. [Looking his Son in the Face.] Tum ! tum ! dum ! &c. [Pockets the Money.

Y. Ra. Here ! Waiter, what's to pay ? [Out of Humour.

Maj. A Bill here for the Gentleman ! Sir, my humble Service to you.

Y. Ra. Sir ; I don't care for Drinking.

Enter a Waiter, with a Bill and a Letter.

Wait. Here's a Letter for your Lordship.

L. Lov. Who brought it ?

Wait. A Footman below, my Lord.

L. Lov. Bid him stay. ———

[Exit L. Lov.]

Maj. Here, you, stay and take your Reckoning ; whose Money's this ?

Gen. It's my Lord Lovemore's, Sir, and there's mine.

Maj. Why how now, Jacky ? What, melancholy ! I find thou art a true Englishman, always dull at the Payment of a Reckoning. ——— Well ! Hang-dog, in Consideration of some late Misfortunes, I don't much care if I treat thee To-day. ——— There. ———

[Exit Waiter.]

Tum ! tum ! dum ! [Going away singing.]

Y. Ra. So ! I find he is resolv'd to carry off the Money ! S'death, I'll try if I can bully him into Composition : ——— Hark you, Sir, if you are not in extraordinary haste, may I beg the Favour to know whither you are a going ?

Maj. Why do'st thou ask, my dear Smock-face ?

Y. Ra. Because, Sir, I have some Reason to believe it may be to my Lady Manlove's ; and let me tell you, Sir, it won't be convenient : For I am going thither. [Surly.]

Maj. [Pausing.] Hast thou nothing else to say to me ? Brats ! Humh !

Y. Ra. If you do go, Sir, perhaps you may repent it : For in plain Terms ——— I shall not care to see you there.

Maj. Very good !

Y. Ra. You will disturb us, Sir. ———

Maj.

Maj. Disturb you ! Humh !

Y. Ra. Then I shall grow angry, Sir.—

Maj. Shalt thou !

Y. Ra. I hear, Sir, you make Pretences there.—

Maj. Do't thou !

Y. Ra. And I advise you, as a Friend, to give 'em o'er.

Maj. [Pausing.] Say no more, my little *Jacky*. [Going.

Y. Ra. Sir, I have a great deal more to say. [Stays him.

Maj. Say it.

Y. Ra. Why then, Sir, I won't bear a Rival in my

Love.

Maj. Is this all ? Is this all ? you dear blushing Rogue  
you ? [Pinching his Cheek.]

Y. Ra. In short, Sir, I find your good Nature, and my  
Fortune are so very low, that I am resolv'd to marry  
her.

Maj. To marry her ! very good ! — Now, but upon  
Condition, I will give thee back this five hundred Pounds,  
thou wilt renounce all Claim to her ; is not it so, my  
little *Jacky* ? Come ! speak, you dear Rogue.

Y. Ra. Why, look you, Sir, in Consideration, that you  
are my Father,— and a Gentleman, that I have a  
Kindness for, make it a thousand Pounds, and I'll have  
no more to say to her.

Maj. A thousand Pounds, my little *Jacky* ? — Wilt  
thou 'bate me nothing ?

Y. Ra. I am always at a Word, Sir.

Maj. At a Word, my little *Jacky* ! Nay, then, for a  
quiet Life, d'ye see, I will give thee—— I will give  
thee—— let me see ! What shall I give thee ? —  
I'll give thee ! I will give thee— [Pauses.] The Devil a

Groat, my little *Jacky*. [Exit Maj. and Gent.

Y. Ra. So ! Now may I go hang myself :— S'death ! is  
there no way to be reveng'd of this old Fellow ? — Ha ! —  
'Egad, my Lady *Manlove* has given me Encouragement !  
Her Joniture's worth two thousand Pounds a Year, be-

74 W O M A N ' S W I T : Or,  
fide the Guardianship of her Son. Let me see ! Here's  
Revenge, a good Estate, Marriage, and an old Woman  
all together in one Dish : Now to consult my Stomach a  
little ! Revenge is a pretty hollow Bit, that's the Truth  
on't ; and two thousand Pounds a Year is well enough for  
a young Fellow to piddle upon : But then agen, Mar-  
riage is Hell, and an old Woman the Devil.  
Humh ! 'Egad, and so is any Woman after a Month's  
Possession. Pox on't, I'll ev'n humour my good Fortune,  
and pursue her ; and so, dear Daddy, look to your Hits :  
Old ! why so much the better ! wou'd she were Fourscore !  
For, 'Egad, upon second Thoughts, when a Man is to be  
noos'd, who the Devil wou'd complain to be ty'd up in a  
rotten Halter.

[Exit.

*Re-enter Lord Lovemore, with the Letter open.*

L. Lov. Confusion ! Is this the Proof he gives me of  
his Innocence ? But I'll not leave a Thought unsatisfied.  
Here ! Waiter.

*Enter a Waiter.*

Where's the Fellow that brought this Letter ?

Wait. He is here, my Lord.

*Enter Leonora's Servant.*

L. Lov. Come hither, Friend ; to whom had you Or-  
ders to give this Letter ?

Serv. What Letter, my Lord ?

L. Lov. Why this Letter from your Lady.

Serv. O dear, I brought a Letter to Mr. Longville, I  
hope your Lordship has not open'd it.

L. Lov. This Fellow told me, 'twas for me.

Serv. O Lord, I am undone ! As I hope to be sav'd,  
my Lord, I only ask'd if your Lordship was here : Be-  
cause my Lady charg'd me not to give it Mr. Longville  
before your Lordship : Why did not I bid you give the  
Letter to Mr. Longville ?

[To the Waiter.

Wait.

Wait. I beg your Pardon, my Lord, I understood him  
your Lordship.

Serv. O dear ! I shall be turn'd away ! Pray, my  
Lord, let me have the Letter again, I'll try to seal it ! O !  
I am ruin'd ; what shall I do ?

L. Lov. Fear not, I will take care of thee, it requires  
no Answer. [Exeunt.] Ha ! There's yet another Proof  
behind, she tells him here she will meet him at Mrs.  
Siam's, according to his first Appointment. There will  
I wait for him : If he keeps his Word ! —— If ! Why  
do I doubt it ? Does not every Circumstance convince  
me that he will ? O, there is no Security in Man ! Here  
might the World expect that I should curse my Stars,  
and raging, vow Revenge : But I (so soft is my relent-  
ing Nature) cou'd weep to see how Men can damn them-  
selves : But what's impossible to Woman's Eyes ? Had he  
not lov'd, he might have still been honest : For he has  
given me Proof, in Danger and Distress, both of his  
Courage and Fidelity : But now, with one infectious  
Glance of a resistless Woman, his tainted Soul breaks  
out in an ungrateful Villain, and a Coward.

*Men may a thousand Ways their Virtue prove,  
Yet still be counterfeit, when touch'd with Love.*

[Exit.]





## A C T IV.

The SCENE, *Lady Manlove's House.*

Enter *Lady Manlove, and Father Benedic.*

F. Ben.

**M**adam, vat you tellà me abote your Son, is one ver' glorieuse Action : You fall 'avè your Reward in the toder Varle : For vidout doubt, de best vay to dispose of your Shile, is to pote 'im in de vay to Heav'n. L. Man. Why truly, Father, I always had Inclination to the Church : But you must know, Sir, I found my Son *Johnny* had naturally a quick Wit, therefore I knew a good Education wou'd spoil my Design : Now, Sir, that nothing might be wanting on my Side, I have taken care to breed him at a private Country School ; and notwithstanding the natural Dullness of his Master, I gave him a particular Charge to keep him in Ignorance : For I all along design'd him for a Churchman.

F. Ben. O ! Dat is vel, Madam ! Ma foy ! Some time d'Ignorance in de Priestè is ver necessarie to support de Cause of de Shursh : Vor ven de Paisant see dat de Priestè doe himself b'leive all de Mysterie of de Religion, den de Paisant vil b'leivà too. Botè ven de Priestè be Vise Man, neider de Priestè nor de Paisant beleivà noting at all.

L. Man. Indeed, Father, 'tis a great Misfortune to the Church, that the wicked Laity can't be confin'd from believing according to their erroneous Reason.

F. Ben.

F. Ben. O ! you say ver vel, Madam ! May foy, it vu'd be moch great deal better for de Shursh, if dey hade no Raison at all ! Vell ! but Madame, vere is your Sone ?

L. Man. He is making himself ready for his Journey : Pray, Sir, let me beg of you to use your utmost Authority : For, you'll find him a stubborn Creature, and very hard to be kept under.

F. Ben. Me warr' Madame ! lette me alone, lette me alone.

L. Man. Really, Sir, I am almost ashām'd to give you all this Trouble ! Pray, accept of these Fifty Pieces, as an Earnest of my Acknowledgments.

F. Ben. Ah ! Fi ! Madame, de Shurch no take de Money.

L. Man. Nay, dear Sir, I won't be refus'd.

F. Ben. Umh ! Vell ! Madame, if you please mee vill byy your Sone some Booka. [Takes the Purse.] Vere is he, Madame, vere is he ?

L. Man. Putting on his Boots below, Sir : The young Rogue is so fond of being on Horseback, that nothing will serve him but riding Post to Harwich.

F. Ben. Dat is vell, Madame, me vill go putte on my Boota too.

L. Man. Dear Sir, I am afraid, that riding so hard will discompose you.

F. Ben. O ! Madame ! Note at all ! Ven de Priestoe doe undertake to promote de Cause of de Shursh, he always goe vip and spur, vip and spur, like de Diable. ————— Adieu, Madame. [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Mass Johnny, ready dress'd for his Journey, and Lettice following him in Tears.

M. Jo. What doest thee dangle after me for ?

Lett. Well, Squire, I knew the Time, when you wou'd ha' been glad that I wou'd ha' follow'd you : But I find now you never lov'd me.

[Cries.]

M. Jo. It's a Lie ! —— I did love you, so I did ! — and so I do still.

Let. And can you have the Heart to leave me then ?

M. Jo. Remember the back Closet up two Pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman. —— Yaah ! you cou'd squall lowder then, when I did but offer to see, whether you garter'd above Knee, or no.

Let. Why, I don't garter above Knee, you may feel here then ? [Sobbing.]

M. Jo. What do I care ! I won't feel there, I'll feel which way I please, or I won't stay.

Let. No, Squire ! You are mistaken in me, I am not such a one neither ; I'll die before I'll be your Whore.

M. Jo. And I will be hang'd, before I will be your Fool —— Why, Dick ! why dost not get the Horses ready ?

Let. You shall not leave me then. —— [She hangs upon his Arm.] If you will stay, I will be kinder to you : Do but try me, till To-morrow : I won't cry out no more, indeed now : You shall tie my Garter where you please, if you won't go.

M. Jo. Will you let's buss you then ? [Surlily.]

Let. Yes ! in a civil way. —— [Kisses her.]

M. Jo. Well ! But will you promise to love me now ? and be free with a Body ?

Let. I'll love you, as long as I live, if you won't leave me. —— [Cries.]

M. Jo. Well ! well ! what do you whawle for ?

Let. I am sure, 'twou'd break my Heart to part with you ! Pray, dear Squire, don't go !

M. Jo. What d'ye keep such a Baaling for ? I tell you, I won't go. —— Let's buss you again.

Lady Manlove seeing them, stops at the Door.

L. Man. What's here ? my young Rogue, and that impudent Quean in close Conference ? —— I'll observe them.

M. Jo.

M. Jo. But will you promise to marry me to Day, if I won't go ?

L. Man. So ! [Aside.]

Let. Marry you ! ay ! Poor Fool ! You may be sure on't. [Aside.] But won't you forsake me then, and use me ill ?

M. Jo. I tell you, I won't use you ill, you Fool you.

L. Man. O ! I han't Patience, the Rogue's just ruining my Design ! —— Why, how now, Sirrah ! what are you doing there ? —— and you, Mrs. Flirt, I'll teach you to debauch my Son ! I will, you stinking Jade you.

M. Jo. What d'ee strike her far, Mother ? what d'ee strike her far ? You shan't strike her no more.

L. Ma. How ! Sirrah ! shall not strike her ! you sawcy Rogue ! I will fell you to the Ground.

M. Jo. Wu'll yee ? —— I'll try that —— [He holds her Hands.] —— Now strike me to the Ground ? Can't you ? let's see you strike me now ? [They struggle.]

Let. [Aside.] What an unfortunate Discovery was this ? to be caught just as we had agreed upon Articles : But however, I don't fear him, for I know he will marry me now, if it be only to contradict his Mother —— Dear Squire, don't anger my Lady so ! Pray, Sir, let go.

M. Jo. Why, if she will be quiet, with all my Heart, I don't meddle with her. [Let's go his bold.]

L. Man. O ! O ! the Rogue has sprain'd my Arms, I shall not be able to stir them this Twelve-month.

Let. I am glad to hear that ; then, I shall have a Cessation of Double-Fists this Twelve-Month.

M. Jo. Look you, Mother, I am sorry for't, I did not design you no harm, not I : But why shou'd you offer to strike the poor Girl so ?

L. Man. Sirrah, what's that to you, how dare you justify her ?

M. Jo. Why, may be, I have a Kindness for her,

what then ! and look ye, Mother, to tell you the Truth, indeed, I do think you ought to be acquainted with the Busines ; you must know, I —— I design to marry her.

L. Man. And dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah ?

M. Jo. Why, how shou'd I tell it you behind your Back.

L. Man. Sirrah ! how dare you think of such a Thing ? You Jackanapes !

M. Jo. Don't 'ee caal me Names, Mother; Don't 'ee caal me Names : But if I do think on't, how can I help it ? And pray, why shou'd not I think on't as well as you ? I suppose you thought of a Husband, and why shou'd not I think of a Wife ? You have had your Swinge already ! 'Icod my Vather was noa Flincher, was not I born of your Body pray, and why shou'd not I get some-Body upon some-Body else's Body ?

L. Man. Was ever heard such Impudence ! Sirrah ! I shall turn over a new Leaf with you : Your Governor shall know what a wicked Rogue you are ! I'll make him fley your Back-side for you !

M. Jo. I don't believe you will ! 'Icod, an' he meddles with me, I may chance to lay him upon his Back : He fley my Backside ! He ! Kifs—won't he ?

L. Man. So, Sir ! this is very fine Language !

M. Jo. Lettice, do you slip away into my Chamber, and I will come to you presently — [Exit Lettice.]

*Enter Father Benedic booted, &c.*

L. Man. O Father ! I am glad you are come, your Pupil here, my Son Johnny, has been making Love to one of my impudent Maids, tells me to my Face, he will marry her, he won't go his Journey, not he !

F. Ben. Letta me alone ; letta me alone ; Come, come, Madam, 'tis bettre to give him de good ward : —

How

How you do, young Gentleman ; 'ow you do ? me fall  
be ver' glade to 'ave de care of you.

M. Jo. Ay, and you had best have a Care of me.

F. Ben. You no feara dat ; Dat is ver' vell : Now,  
you be one good Shile. [Paps him on the Head.

M. Jo. What d'yee tap me o'th' Head for. [Surlily.

F. Ben. O ! me lose you, Maitre Jeanny, me lose  
you. [Chucks his Chin.

M. Jo. Let my Chin alone wu'll yee ?

[Strikes away his Hand.

F. Ben. Vat you mean ! strikea mee ! Vat you mean ?  
me fall 'ave de Vip for you.

M. Jo. Who's that you will have the Whip for, you  
Loggerhead you ? Who will you have the Whip for,  
ha ! [Doubling his Fist.

F. Ben. Loggerhate ! Jernie Bleu ! Vat is dat  
Loggerhate ?

M. Jo. You may go look ! it's such a Fool as you  
are.

F. Ben. De Fool ! a ha ! me onderstanda dat ver'  
vell ! you calla mee de Fool ! Humh !

M. Jo. Why don't you hear I do, Dunderpate ?

F. Ben. Dunderpate ! Je vous Prie, Madame, vat  
is dat Dunderpate ?

L. Man. O ! a very scurrilous Name, won't you break  
his Head for't ?

F. Ben. O ! letta, me alone, Madame : Ecoutes,  
Maitre Jeanny : Vat vill you say, if vor de Loggerhate,  
vor de Fool, and vor de Dunderpate, me fall give you  
one, two, tree Slaps of d'Shops, Maitre Jeanny,  
Humh ?

M. Jo. Why, I say if you give me such another  
Word, I may chance to wipe you crass the Jaws ?

F. Ben. Ver' vell ! vere is de Reverance you 'ave vor  
my Personne ?

M. Jo. O Lord, Sir ! I do Sir-reverence your  
Person.

F. Ben. Alloons, dôno aska me de Pardonne, aska me de Pardonne.

M. Jo. Ask your Pardon, for what ? for what ? Can you tell, you Owl you ? Ask your Pardon—Here, give the poor Boy his Hat ! —— There ! Now I ask your Pardon.—

[*He strikes off his Hat and Perriwig, and discovers the Circle upon the Priest's Head.*]

M. Jo. Staring upon him.] A hey ! What a dickens have we got here ?

F. Ben. Ah ! Que Grande Malheure ! vat fall me doe ? Il a Decouver in a Couronne.

L. Man. Undone ! ruin'd ! I shall never get the Rogue to go now.

M. Jo. [To F. Ben.] Pray, Sir, what Trade are you ?

L. Man. He is no Trade, Sirrah : But a civil sober Gentleman, that I have prevail'd with to be your Governor.

M. Jo. He my Governor ! What, to make a Papish of me ? Look you, Mother, as for Religion d'ye see, truly—I can't well say what I am of : But 'Icod, this I know, that I won't be a Papish ; it's a hard Case, if a Man must go to the Devil, he shan't take out his Sins in what sort of Wickedness he pleases : For my Part, I'll e'en go the Way of the Flesh ; I am resolv'd the Spirit shall not carry me, 'Icod I won't be Priest-ridden thither : Not, but I believe this same Gentleman knows the Road as well as a Dover Post-horse : But I am not so hot upon that Journey, and so I will pull off my Boots, d'ee see.—Tall ! lall ! lall !

[*He sits down to pull off his Boots, and sings.*]

L. Man. You impudent young Rascal ! How dare you offer to pull off your Cloaths ? Sirrah ! I'll have your Bones broken, I'll make you change your Tune.

M. Jo. No ! you shan't ! Tall, lall, lall !

L. Man. You sawcy Rogue ! do you laugh in my Face !  
I'll whip your Eyes out,

[She offers to take F. Benedic's Whip.

F. Ben. — No trouble yourself, Madame ! letta me  
alone ! — [To M. Jo.] Alloons ! pote on your  
Boote, Maitre Jeanny !

M. Jo. [Looking in his Face.] Tall, lall, lall !

F. Ben. Vat is dat ta, la, la, la ! Me say, pote on  
your Boote ! [Smacks his Whip.

M. Jo. Ay, it's no matter for that, I won't change  
my Tune ! Tall, lall, lall.

L. Man. Hold Father, don't be too severe : I find  
there is no dealing with him ; we must even try what  
fair Words will do.

F. Ben. May Foy ! Madame — me beleiva dat is de  
best vay.

L. Man. Johnny ! My dear Johnny, don't be so wil-  
ful ! Prithee mind what I say to thee.

M. Jo. Why ay, Mother, now your Note's alter'd  
d'ye see, I don't care if I do change my Tune.

L. Man. Now, thou art a dear Child ! Come, that's  
my good Boy, prithee put on my Boots again ; fee !  
Here's Money for thee : Thou shalt have every Thing  
thou canst ask for.

M. Jo. [Aside.] Say you so : 'Icod, then I'll serve you  
a rare Trick : That Money will buy Lettice a pure  
Topping to her Wedding Cloaths. Why, look you,  
Mother ! Because you give me good Words now, if  
you'll give me that Purse, d'ye see ! and make Vather  
Baald Pate walk down Stairs, I will put them on  
again.

L. Man. But will you promise me to go your Jour-  
ney too ?

M. Jo. Pooh ! I will, I tell you. — Why, don't  
he go ? [He sits upon the Floor to put on his Boots.

L. Man. Dear Father, don't let us cross him in this  
good Humour : Pray, be gone.

F. Ben. Vid all mine 'art, Madame; Maitre Jeanny,  
me be your ver' humble Servant. [Exit.]

L. Man. Why dost thou sit upon the Floor, Johnny?

M. Jo. Pooh! What does it signify? — Where's  
the Purse, Mother?

L. Man. That's a good Child: Put on t'other Boot,  
and thou shalt have it.

M. Jo. Pshah! — Why, there 'tis! — You  
see what 'tis to be civil to a Body. — So! Now give's  
the Money.

[While she talks to him, he steals a Gimlet out of his  
Pocket, and fastens her Gown to the Floor.]

L. Mgn. Well, but will you promise to get on Horse-  
back, as soon as you have it?

M. Jo. What d'ye think I won'd tell you a Lie, Mo-  
ther, and look you in the Face o' this Manner?

L. Man. That's my dear Boy, there 'tis to do what  
thou wilt with.

M. Jo. [Rises, and pulls off his Boots again.] Tall,  
lall, lall!

L. Man. How now! What does the Fool mean?

M. Jo. No Fool, no Fool, Mother.

L. Man. You wicked Villain, I'll — [Offering  
towards him, she is held by her Gown.] Ha! What's  
here! Hark you, Sirrah! Rogue! What's the Mean-  
ing of this?

M. Jo. Why, that's because you shou'd not follow  
me! Look you, Mother, always tie a mad Bull to a  
Stake! tall, lall! and there's my Tune again for you  
now. Tall, lall, lall! [Exit singing.]

L. Man. Was ever Woman plagu'd with such a stub-  
born Rascal? What shall I do? — [Endeavouring to free  
herself.] O! how the Rogue has ramm'd it in? —  
Who's within there? If I live I'll be reveng'd! I'll  
marry the lewdest Fellow about Town; nay, the most  
notorious Rogue of a Lawyer, but I'll keep his Estate  
from him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Major Rakish, Madam, and his Son desire to speak with you.

L. Man. They cou'd not take me in a better Time, neither of them shall want Encouragement : Here, pri-thee undo this.

Serv. O dear, Madam, this is Master Johnny's Gimlet, I am sure ; it is the very same, that he tack'd Mrs. Trifle, and Parson Waggish together with.

L. Man. Where is the Rogue ? did you see him ?

Serv. Yes, Madam, he just now put Mrs. Lettice into an Hackney-Coach.

L. Man. And did he go with her ?

Serv. No, Madam, he is somewhere about the House.

L. Man. If he offers to go out, be sure you dog him, and bring Word immediately ! — Go, bid the Gentlemen walk up.

Serv. They are here, Madam. [Exit Servant.

Enter the Major, and Young Rakish.

Maj. Madam, your most humble Servant : Odsbud ! It is a Month since I kiss'd your Ladyship's Hands.

[Offering towards her, Y. Ra. steps before him.

Y. Ra. It's an Age, Madam, since I did ; therefore, as a long absent Lover, ought to do it first.

[Catches her Hand.

L. Man. O dear, Sir, I'll swear you hurt me.

Y. Ra. Can there be Harm in such a tender Grasp of Love ? Madam, your raging Charms, bound like a rowling Deluge o'er my Soul, and choak me with Excess of Passion ! Ah ! the very Pangs of Death are on me, I beat and struggle like a drowning Wretch for Life, and these my last Convulsions.

Maj. Humh ! [Aside.]

L. Man. [Aside.] Well, I really believe I might have

Satir-

86 WOMAN'S WIT: OR,

Satisfaction enough in such a Husband, without considering the Pleasure of Revenge.

Y. Ra. [To Maj.] Will you make it a Thousand Pound, Sir?

Maj. 'Oones, you Dog, I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders. [Apart to Y. Rakish.

Y. Ra. [Turning quick to L. Man.] O, take me to that healing Bosom; wrap me in the warm Folds of Love; feed me with the balmy Sweets, that flourish there; give me new Life, and nurse me to an Infant Dotage.

L. Man. [Aside.] O! I shall faint, I am not able to contain myself!

Maj. [Softly to Y. Rak.] Jacky, thou shalt have an hundred Guineas, prithee, let her alone, my dear Boy.

Y. Ra. [Starting back, he jostles the Maj.] Where am I? Sure, 'tis Elysium! For mortal Flesh cou'd never feed so high; I surfeited with Delight; my Soul's all over Bliss; my ravish'd Senses ake with Pleasure, and I grow faint with gazing. [Throws himself on her Bosom.

L. Man. O, I die! I die! [Aside.

Maj. Jacky, my dear Jacky, thou shalt have five Hundred Pound.

Y. Ra. Thus let us ever live; thus blest with one perpetual Round of circling Pleasure; still fainting with Excess of Love, and waking still to new reviving Joys.

Maj. 'Ounds, how the Rogue has dissolv'd her?

Y. Ra. You see, Sir, what Posture my Affairs are in: Nothing but a Thousand Pound can forbid the Banns.

Maj. Say'st thou so, my little Jacky? [Steps between them, and draws.] Then there lies your Way; down Stairs, Dog: Go, get you gone, Sire.

L. Man. Ah, for Heav'n's Sake, what do you mean?

[Holds the Major.

Y. Ra. O, don't be frightened, Madam, I'll tell you the Business. — You must know, Madam, there is a young Lady

Lady here in the *Pall-mall*, of a prodigious Fortune, whom it seems my Father here, positively designs I shall marry, or he will disinherit me ; and so let him, Madam, if he pleases : For my Part, I confess my Soul, and Blood, Madam, are entirely devoted to your Ladyship ; and if I were die upon the Spot, Madam, I solemnly declare, Madam, I wou'd not renounce one Tittle of that eternal Passion I have avow'd for your Ladyship's most indelible Perfections.

[Bows, and ogles her.]

Maj. Umh ! [Astonish'd.]

L. Man. O fye ! Sir, This is most inhuman, to force your only Son to marry one he can't love : Come, Sir, for my Sake, spare him : Pray put up your Sword.

Maj. Well, Madam, for your Sake, d'ye see, I—I will sheath my Indignation : But by the Pleasure of Drinking, all this is a more notorious Lie than ever came out of the Mouth of an *Irish* Evidence :—But now, Madam, to the Busines I came for : Look you, Madam, if you and I make a Match, d'ye see ; you must expect every ten Months for the first seven Years, Twins, Madam,—I always get Twins—That Whelp's a Twin, Madam, and the Product of my Juvenile Recreations.

[Young Rakish all this while makes Love in dumb Show  
behind the Major's Back.]

L. Man. Let me die ! But this is irresistiblypersuasive.

Maj. I am very proud, Madam, your Ladyship likes what I say to you.

L. Man. Well, I swear, Sir, you have such a Way—and such a Son.

Maj. Madam, I have a thousand Pounds a Year clear Estate ; no Children in the World but this Boy here, I shall drink him dead in a Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my Death, the thousand Pounds a Year's your own for ever : How say you, Madam, how do you like of it ?

L. Man.

L. Man. Ay, Sir, but now let me hear your Son's Proposals.

Maj. Pshaw ! a Beggar ! a poor Dog, Madam.

Y. Ra. Madam, 'tis true, I have not one Groat in the World, have no Hopes of any Thing : For the very Moment that I marry you, I am sure to be disinherited : Madam, as a Friend, I beg you to believe this true, for I cou'd sooner die, than cheat you with a pretended Fortune. [Kneels.] But if the raging Violence of an humble Passion has any Merit in the Eyes of Virtue, then strow your Pity here, and raise me with a kind reviving Hope.

Maj. What a Tongue the Dog has ! [Aside.]

L. Man. O dear, Sir, pray rise.

Maj. Pshaw, Madam, Words ; Words ; mere Air ; odsbud, I have an Argument in my Pocket, that uses to convince a Woman sooner than all the poetical Raptures in Christendom. Look you, Madam, the only certain Proof of a Lover's Passion is, when he parts with his Money : [Takes out a Purse.] Therefore, as an Earnest of my Affection, give me leave to lay this five hundred Pound at your Feet.

Y. Ra. Which when you marry, Sir, you know, will be your own again.

Maj. Hold your Peace, Sirrah : There, Madam, dispose of it as you please. [Gives it into her Hand.]

L. Man. O dear, Major, this is an extravagant Piece of Gallantry ! — Jesu ! How heavy it is — Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to hold it for me : [Gives it Y. Ra.]

Y. Ra. [Leering upon the Major.] — Tum ! tum ! dum ! [Sings, and walks about.]

Maj. I must murder the Dog ! I must murder him. [Aside.] Oones ! Madam ! I cou'd have held it for you.

Y. Ra. [Aside.] But not so fast, as I shall — Tum ! tum ! dum !

Maj. I was in hopes, Madam, you wou'd have made a better Use of the Money !

L. Man.

L. Man. O dear, Sir, can I express my Concern for you, a better Way, than by being kind to your Children?

Maj. Ay, Madam, but not to my Rival.

Y. Ra. Ha! Igad, a good Thought comes into my Head: Look you, Sir, if you'll give me leave to speak a Word or two in private with this Lady, I will immediately convince you, that in her disposing of this Money she has had no other Consideration than your Interest.

L. Man. What can he mean?

[Aside.]

Maj. Why this might be done, *Jacky*, if I cou'd but persuade myself to trust thee.

Y. Ra. Why, Sir, you shall not trust me out of your Sight.

Maj. Humh! say'st thou so, my little *Jacky*? Nay, then I do give thee leave.

Y. Ra. Madam, if you please—

[Takes her to one Side o'the Stage.]

Enter Maj's Johnny behind.

M. Jo. So! *Lettice* is safe enough now, and 'Icod let 'um lock me up an' they can.—Hey day! who have we here?—I find my Mother has a Colt's Tooth left yet, I warrant these are a couple of Suitors now?—'Icod, I will put in with 'um.—Sir, your Servant: [To the Major.] What don't 'ee know me?

Maj. Know thee? Prithee who art thou?

M. Jo. Who bee I— why I bee— I bee— 'Icod I don't know what to tell him, not I— why I be Mother's Zon, don't 'ee zee what I bee.

Maj. Ay, my dear Lad, I see very plainly what thou art, but want to know who thou art. Who is thy Father, Child?

M. Jo. Who?— I have ne'er a Vather at all— But, I believe I shall have shortly: For I see my Mother there is providing for herself.

Maj. How! thy Mother? What! is thy Name *Johnny*?

M. Jo.

M. Jo. May be it is——What then.

Maj. Why then very shortly thou wilt be my Son-in-Law.

M. Jo. May be not——That's as I shall like you, may be.

Maj. Odsbud, you young Rogue, I'll buss you into good Humour.

*[The Major offers to kiss him, and he struggles.]*

M. Jo. Let me alone, be quiet, w'll yee? You sha'nt buss me. [Kisses him.] Ptah —— [Spits.] —— What a Plague do you slaver one so for? You my Vather-in-Law? Yes, so you shall; 'Icod I'll do your Business.

L. Man. [To Y. Ra.] Why really, Sir, if this be true, I must needs own he is a very barbarous Man to use his only Son at this Rate: If you think I can serve you by farthering this innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me.

M. Jo. Hark you, Mother.

L. Man. O you wicked Rogue, are you there?

M. Jo. Lord, don't 'ee be angry, Mother, I come to talk with you about Business.

Y. Ra. O pray, Madam, give the Young Gentleman leave to speak, however.

M. Jo. A good sort of a civil Gentleman; I may chance to do him a Kindness for this; I'll assure you, Sir, I will, if I can. I am Good-Natur'd enough, when People are civil to me.

L. Ma. Well, what have you to say, Sirrah?

M. Jo. Say,—why I understand that this Old Soldier here, is a Suitor to you, and to tell you the Truth, I don't like him: He is a strange hurly-burly sort of a Man, he as buss'd and slaver'd me here, whether I wou'd or no, and has prickled my Face, till my Eyes are all of a Water.

L. Man. You sawcy Rogue, is this your Business? Know then, Sirrah, that this Gentleman shall be your Father-

Father-in Law, if he pleases: Come, Sir, if you dare trust yourself alone with me, I have something to propose to you from your Son, that very nearly concerns the Happiness of us both!

Maj. Odsbud! Madam, you over-joy me! But has that dear Dog put in a Word for me at last then? has he? Jacky! Thou dear Son of an happy Dog of a Father: Buss me, you Whelp, you dear Bastard buss me—Od! I will remember thee for this, my little Jacky: Odsbud I will!

[Exit. with L. Man.

Y. Ra. I shall give you Cause I believe.

M. Jo. Lord! Sir! How can you let him flaver you so! Don't it make your Nose tingle! Odsfish! he is gone away with my Mother too!—Shall I fetch her back again, Sir? 'Icod, an' you say the Word I'll do't.

Y. Ra. No! no Squire let me alone, he will be little the better for't.—A good sort of an impudent Face this Young Dog has, he may be useful, I'll strike in with him.

[Aside.

M. Jo. Pray, Sir, ben't you a Suitor to my Mother?

Y. Ra. Ay, Squire! What do you think of me for a Father-in-Law?

M. Jo. 'Icod I like you very well! Better by half than that Old Soldier: What a Duce do you let him take her aside so for?

Y. Ra. O! it's a Design I have in my Head, Squire.

M. Jo. Ay, Sir; But do you know what Design she may have in her Head? look you, Sir, I mean you well, I wu'd not have you trust her too far neither, 'Icod you don't know her, Sir, you don't know her.

Y. Ra. Well! Squire, I am oblig'd to you for your good Meaning, and in return will acquaint you with my Design upon that Old Soldier.

M. Jo. Aye!

Y. Ra. You must know then.—

M. Jo.

M. Jo. But hark you, Sir; Pray by the way who is that Old Soldier.

Y. Ra. Only my Father, Sir.

M. Jo. Hoh! hoh! 'Icod then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. Well, Sir, but pray go on.

Y. Ra. About an Hour hence, Squire, I shall privately marry your Mother, who in the mean time, by my Allowance, is to flatter the old Gentleman with the same Hopes, and (to revenge a severe Quarrel I have to him) is to appoint him a Meeting (just when our Marriage is over) at a Friend's House of mine, where I shall have a publick Opportunity to laugh at his Disappointment, and invite him to my Wedding Supper.

M. Jo. 'Icod, that's well enough! O dear, Sir, shall not I beg the Favour of you to get the Parson to do me a small Job too? Od! I have a tight young Girl here hard-by, that I have a main Mind to be married to! — Sir——won't you speak a Word to him to tack us together a little?

Y. Ra. How, Squire! to tack you together! whom have you advis'd with in this Busines? Who is it, you have a Mind to marry? Are you sure she is fit for a Wife?

M. Jo. I don't know, Sir, but I am sure she is fit for an Husband.

Y. Ra. Ha! Igad! there can be no Harm in tying the young Rogue of a Slip-knot! This was a lucky Discovery, something may be made on't. [Aside.] Well! Squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

M. Jo. O dear, Sir! I am mainly oblig'd to you.

Y. Ra. Nay, I won't only lend you my Parson, but my Money too: Nay, my very Cloaths; Igad, I will make a Gentleman of you.

M. Jo. Wu'll ye, Sir! O law! [Overjoy'd.] 'Icod then my Mother shall make a Fool of me no longer—

Sir,

Sir, as I hope to be married, I had rather call you Va-  
ther, than any Man in Curfendome.

Y. Ra. Pshaw ! Pox ! I'll be a Brother to the, Man :  
[Hugs him.] Prithee call me honest *Jack*, we'll smoak,  
and whore, and roar, and take a Bottle together.

M. Jo. Is your Name *Jahb* ? why my Name's *Jahb*  
too ! Odszooks ! that's brave, honest *Jahb* ! How is't,  
Boy ? Dammee. [Struts.

Y. Ra. Why that's well said, Boy ! 'egad ! thou  
fwear'ft like a Gentleman already. — Come, my lit-  
tle Rake ! Now let's take one cheering Flask before the  
Parson does his Business ; then get drunk, break Win-  
dows, maul the Watch, and bed our new-married Wives  
in the Round-house.

M. Jo. Ho ! Boys ! God a marcy Brother-Father-in-  
Law. [Exeunt.

Enter Olivia, Emilia, and Leonora. Trifle putting on  
her Hood and Scarf.

Oli. There you mistake me, Madam, 'tis my Amaze-  
ment, not my Jealousy, that brought me hither : I own  
I do wonder why Mr. Longville shou'd disappoint me :  
But never can suspect his Honour. Speak to her, *Emi-*  
*lia*, for I want Temper to conceal my Fears. [Aside to Em.

Leo. Call a Chair there. [To a Servant.

Emi. Then you will go, Madam ?

Leo. I am preparing for it, Madam.

Em. One serious Question more, and I have done,  
Madam : Do you really expect to meet my Brother at  
Mrs. Siam's ?

Leo. Jesu ! Madam, I can't imagine why you shou'd  
question that, after this Lady has confess'd he has al-  
ready disappointed her : But to satisfy you, he expects  
me this very Moment, he is now at Mrs. Siam's, —  
or my Servant lies, that dogg'd him. [Aside.] Look you,  
Madam, I don't desire you to believe one Word I say :  
But if this Lady and you will give yourselves the Trou-  
ble to go thither, I fancy you will find him there.

Emi.

*Em.* Infupportable. [Aside.] Really, Madam, you have an admirable Talent.

*Leo.* I hope, Madam, I have not been guilty of any ill Breeding.

*Em.* O ey ! Madam, all that you do is with a very Court-like Air : You are resolv'd to stand it out, I see.

*Leo.* What is't you mean, Madam ?

*Em.* I mean the groundless Jealousies your Malice now wou'd raise between my Brother, and this Lady— He love you ! You will as soon persuade me you deserve it, Madam : I know, that in his Soul he scorns you.

*Leo.* Not so much as I scorn Revenge ; I dare say, had I been fond of a Triumph, Madam, I might have had it in a Publick Wedding. Mr. *Longville* offer'd it. But out of Friendship to this Lady, and yourself, I have been content to marry him in private. I'll out-face this obstinate Devil, tho' I forfeit my Revenge for't. [Aside.]

*Em.* How, Madam, my Brother married to you ! to you !

*Leo.* To me this Morning, Madam ; Sister, I may say. [Mildly.]

*Em.* Sister !

[Angrily.]

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Here's a Chair, Madam.

*Leo.* Ladies, your Servant, I shall expect you at Mrs. *Siam's*. [Exit.]

*Oli.* Why have I lived to see this Day ? Oh, I am despicable now ! I shall be pointed at ; the publick Merriment of malicious Tongues : Thou wer't my Friend, *Emilia* ; why didst thou not tell me of my Weakness, that I was credulous, conceited, vainly fond to think my easy Love cou'd fix the faithless Temper of a Man. But thou, alas ! wer't soft believing Woman, like me unskill'd in Injuries : Therefore in fear of none, easily deceiv'd by every Shew of guil'd Virtue ; married ! perfidious Man.

*Em.*

Em. Believe it not, Olivia! Come! we'll follow  
Leonora: Let his own Words, not her's, condemn him.

Ol. You wo'd not have me see him, sure!

Em. I wo'd not have you punish him unheard: For,  
oh! I know his Innocence, tho' now o'er-cast, will  
shortly break these sullen Clouds, and gild you with a  
smiling Joy: Alas! my Dear, Jealousy's the Disease of  
Love, a Pain—

Which first, or last, all Lovers must endure:

But none can speak the Joys, that wait the Cure.

[Exeunt.



ACT

WOMAN'S WIT: OR,  
A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.



LONDON: PRINTED FOR JAMES DODSLEY, AT THE SIGN OF THE WORLD, IN  
SIXTY-NINE BISHOPSGATE-STREET; AND IS TO BE SOLD BY  
T. CHAMBERS, IN THE COACH-LANE.

## A C T . V.

*The SCENE, an Indian-House.*

*Longville is discovered looking on his Watch.*

*Lon.*



Wonder why *Olivia* comes not, the Time's expired, and I am unwilling to fail in my Promise to my Lord *Lovemore*, who I know will be upon the Rack till I have perform'd it: But I'll have Patience; for I am sure her Generosity, tho' late, will furnish me with an Occasion. —— Come! Mrs. *Siam*, what new Indian Toys have you? [He goes to the Counter.]

*Enter Leonora, mask'd at a Distance.*

*Leo.* Longville, here first! 'tis, as I cou'd wish! —— hark! I hear some-body stealing up Stairs! [She looks out.] Ha! muffl'd in a Cloak! O! for a Glimpse of him! —— My Lord *Lovemore*, as I live! his Disguise tells me what he comes for, and I hope mine will help me to answer his Expectation: My first Care must be, by some seeming Accident, to let him know me: My next, to tell this Wretch (who must not know me) some formal Story, that may oblige him to make such Answers as may reasonably incline my Lord to think himself the Subject of our Discourse.

[She goes to Longville, and talks with him in her Mask.]

*Enter*

Enter Lord Lovemore in a Cloak.

L. Lov. So punctual! ha! that must be Leonora, 'tis her Stature!

[Leonora turns back, pretending to wipe her Face, and gives Lord Lovemore a Sight of it.]  
By Heav'n 'tis she! — I saw her Face! — Wou'd I had never seen it! — Or, cou'd but dream again the promis'd Raptures of her Virtue: For, there was Pleasure in the Vision, infinitely surpassing what we taste in any waking Joy: O! there is no Happiness but in eternal Sleep! Ha! [Observing Lon. and Leo.] Do I not sleep? Rather let me think, that this is all a Dream! 'Tis liker far, amazing! incoherent and unnatural! — I find I am but a Stranger to the World, another Man perhaps wou'd wonder at my Amazement! Suppose I shou'd surprize him now i'th' very Act of Falsehood? Will he not sink into the Earth with Shame? must not his Conscience burn him up with Blushes? I shou'd resent this Usage, and I will: But, as a brave Man ought, despise him for his Treachery, and forgive it all! Nay, more! I'll do a Friend's last Duty, and wound him with the Tenderness of my Resentment: But stay! — lay hold on all Advantages! something may be gather'd from their Discourse — I'll observe them.

[Lon. comes forward with Leo.]

Lon. [Aside.] Who the Devil can this be, that is so fond of acquainting me with her Circumstances?

Leo. Then you advise me, as a Friend, never to see him more?

L. Lov. Ha! It must be me they talk of. [Aside.]

Lon. I suppose, Madam, you can't expect to be extraordinary well u'd if you do.

Leo. Why, I am sure he loves me still.

L. Lov. I hope not, Madam. [Aside.]

Leo. Hang it, I believe, my best way to silence his Resentment, will be to write him a civil Letter, to acknowledge the Severity of my Revenge, and beg him for his own Sake never to see me more.

L. Lov. For my own Sake, that I never will. [Aside.]

Lon. Psha ! Damn her Revenge, what is't to me ?

Leo. What think you of it ?

Lon. O, the best Thing in the World, Madam ; I'd advise you to step into the next Room, and do it immediately. [Pressing her to go.]

Leo. Well ! you will peruse it for me ?

Lon. Ay ! ay ! any Thing to serve you.

Leo. [Aside.] With your Throat : I hope, Sir, you have endanger'd it to serve me : I'll step aside, and let the Mischief work, I see it low'ring yonder in that Brow. [Leonora retires.]

L. Lov. I'll surprize him now, while Leonora is withdrawn : Not knowing that I have seen her Face, possibly he will swear it was not she he talk'd with !

Are you at leisure, Sir.

Lon. My Lord Lovemore !

L. Lov. What is't you start at ?

Lon. To see you here, in this Disguise ! you frown, my Lord !

L. Lov. Fie ! that were to confess my Anger : Dost thou think thyself beneath it ? I smile upon thee,

Lon. I understand you not.

L. Lov. When saw you Leonora ?

Lon. This Morning, I am not ashame'd to mention it : But why should that disturb you now ? I thought an Hour's Time was given me to clear myself, it is not yet expir'd, my Lord.

L. Lov. I can't think you'll keep your Word with me.

Lon. I don't use to forfeit it, nor do I think I shall, if no Misfortune crois me.

L. Lov. Has Leonora told you so ?

Lon. Explain yourself.

L. Lov. If you were that Enemy you have profess'd thyself to Leonora ; I cannot think at such a Time as this, you wou'd meet her here.

Lon. Who dares affirm it ?

L. Lov. I saw her there, this Moment saw her here with you.

Lon.

*Lon.* Then she was here with me, when I saw her not — next Time, my Lord, have better Proof e'er you condemn so near a Friend as I am ; you saw perhaps a Woman talk with me in a Mask, who I believe might know me : For she seem'd fond of making me her Confident, I listen'd to her, till her Impertinence had quite tir'd my Curiosity : And this Woman, I suppose, your Jealousy has taken for *Leonora*.

*L. Lov.* Whom did you take her for ?

*Lon.* A Stranger ! I know her not, nor ever care to see her more.

*L. Lov.* Ha ! take heed ! for, if I prove thee in a Lie, it will be then dishonourable to talk with thee.

*Lon.* Speak lower ; while we are unheard, my Friendship teaches me to bear, but my impatient Honour will be justified.

*L. Lov.* Honour ! Dost thou not blush to name it ?

*Lon.* My Lord, it is not well to bear thus far upon my Friendship ; if you wou'd have me think your Meaning honest, I do demand a Reason for this Usage.

*L. Lov.* [Amazing.] But that I cannot give my Eyes the Lie, I shou'd myself believe thee wrong'd : But to confound thee in one Word, give me a living Reason, why I see thee here.

*Lon.* I came to meet *Olivia* here, by her own Appointment.

*L. Lov.* S'death and Hell ; you will not tell me 'twas *Olivia* you now talk'd with !

*Lon.* I mean it not ; *Olivia* has not yet been here.

*L. Lov.* Why, then are you here so early ?

*Lon.* Because *Olivia* charg'd me, as I priz'd her Quiet, not to fail a Minute : Besides, the Time has been expir'd almost this half Hour.

*L. Lov.* Confusion ! why is not she here then ?

*Lon.* Have a Moment's Patience, and I'll send to her to know the Reason ; in the mean time, my Lord——

*L. Lov.* Away ! now thou condemn'st thyself, thy dull Invention's tir'd, and thou wants Time to give it Breath.

*Lon.* This from another Man wou'd urge me to a fatal Answer: By Heav'n, now I wou'd not have you credit me! No! go on! be obstinate, believe the grossest Things of me your Malice can suggest; I will not offer more to clear myself, till Demonstration shakes her Head, and makes you blush for these unfriendly Wrongs.

*L. Lov.* [Pausing.] I know not why I shou'd: But, a resistless Curiosity tempts me to see how far thou wilt drive this: Prithee be sincere, by Heav'n, if there's yet a Way in Nature left to clear thy Innocence, I here engage my Honour, as far as mortal Patience can, to wait the Issue.

*Lon.* Had you said this sooner, some Words, my Lord, might have been spar'd between us: But, I have done; *Olivia* now shall speak for me; her Presence shall convince you where I have given my Heart: That *Leonora* ever had my Scorn, as now, I hope she has yours.

*L. Lov.* Thou talk'st with such a calm Indifference, I dare not yet resolve where I shall fix my Thoughts?

*Lon.* No matter where, my Lord, let 'em rove; a Moment's Patience will re-call 'em.

*L. Lov.* I am satisfied.

[They part.]

Re-enter *Leonora* behind.

*Lon.* O! I cou'd run mad; that subtle Devil has talk'd him into Reason. What can it be that stays *Olivia* thus?—Were she here, her Resentment wou'd confirm his Jealousy, and bring the Mischief to Perfection. Ha! Fortune sends her to my Wish! Now to prepare her.

Enter *Olivia* and *Emilia*: *Leonora* stops them at the Door.

*L. Lov.* Ha! *Olivia*, here too? what can this mean?

*Leo.* [To *Olivia*.] There he is, Madam.

*Oli.* O! *Emilia*, help me.

*Leo.* Now, Ladies, I hope you are satisfied, what Interest I have in Mr. *Longville*.

*Emi.* 'Tis impossible! I'll not believe it, scarce shou'd he himself confess it; this is some Trick! he is impos'd on!

on ! wrong'd ! basely wrong'd, I am sure 'twill prove so.

Oli. Excuse him not, *Emilia* ! I'll shut myself from all the World, and never see the Face of Friend again.

[Going.]

Emi. Be not too rash, dear *Olivia*, hear him speak first : If he is not able then to clear himself, may all the Punishments his Perjury deserves be mine ; if, I not join with thee to hate and scorn him.

Leo. Ay ! Madam ! Pray stay to examine him ; however, not that it will be to any Purpose, for to my Knowledge he will deny our Appointment, or that he has so much as seen me here.

Emi. Nay, then I must believe he has not, Madam ; I'll have the Truth from him.

[Emi. goes to Lon. and Oli. turns away in Tears.]

Leo. [Aside.] Poor harmless Thing, how it frets ; I have rais'd her to my Ends. Now let her go on, while I stand by and laugh to see her forward my Revenge.

L. Lov. [Aside.] When will my Distraction end ? *Emilia*, thinks her Brother wrong'd ! *Olivia* weeps to see him perjur'd ! I prov'd him guilty ! And yet he starts to hear himself accus'd, while *Leonora* leaves him unconcern'd : I dare not leave him till these Contradictions are unravell'd.

Lon. What Riddle's this, *Emilia* ?

Emi. How Brother, a Riddle ! Indeed, I griev'd at first to find you here ! But now cou'd weep to see you justify your Crime.

Lon. Away ——— this Mirth's unpleasing now, where's *Olivia* ? [He leaves her.]

Leo. [To Emi. aside.] Is not your Ladyship well ? Madam, will you please to make use of my Spirits ?

Emi. Fury !

Leo. Your Ladyship's humble Servant, Madam.

Lon. [To Oli.] If either may, Madam, I have most Reason to complain : For I have expected you here this half Hour.

*Oli.* Me ! Did you expect me here ?

*Lon.* Not with such Displeasure in your Eyes, I must confess, Madam : But I have with great Impatience waited here for your Commands.

*Oli.* You dare not justify it ?

*Lon.* You cannot doubt it, Madam !

*Oli.* This audacious Insolence is beyond Resentment ; from you, it strikes my Thoughts with Horror !

*Lon.* This Anger, Madam, is a double Rack, while you conceal the Crime, that has deserv'd it.

*Oli.* Is then the Repetition of your Guilt so pleasing ? Base Man ! why did you send so fair an Answer to my Letter ; when at the same Time you had resolv'd to meet another Woman here ? Was it not enough to wrong me by an abhor'd Abjuration of your Vows : But you must barbarously expose me to the Triumph of an insulting Rival !

*Lon.* Madam, you confound me, what Rival ?

*Oli.* Away ! I have heard and seen too much already ; Reputation bids me fly you now ; farewell, ungrateful Wretch ; and may the shameful M<sup>e</sup>emory of my Wrongs lye rooted in your Heart for ever.

*Lon.* Yet stay, and hear me.

*Oli.* Never.

*L. Lov.* Hold, Madam ! before you go, give me leave to ingraft my Wrongs with yours.

*Leo. [Aside.]* It ripens now !

*Emi.* Ha ! My Lord Lovemore here ! This must be Combination : But I am resolv'd to find the Truth before we part : Tho' ev'n my Brother's Guilt, or what's yet worse, her hateful Triumph shou'd confound me. *[Aside.]*

*[Emi. locks the Door, unseen, and takes out the Key.]*

*Lon.* I read Resentment in your Eyes, my Lord : Out with it ! For while Amazement makes me tame, I can bear it all.

*Lov.* Madam, *[To Oli.]* to justify that Resentment, or to clear the sacred Honour of a Friend, I beg you faithfully wou'd resolve me one Question : Was it by your Desire,

or

or Commands, that Mr. Longville came to meet you here ?

Oli. So far from that, my Lord, that 'tis the only Place on Earth, I wish'd he might avoid.

L. Lov. Now, Sir ! If my Jealousy has wrong'd you, let it appear before this Lady ; if not, from this Moment let eternal Enmity divide us.

Leo. [Aside.] Ha ! ha ! ha ! Poor Soul, he is dumb ! Now my Revenge is perfect, and so, poor ! easy ! cheated ! jealous Fools ! Farewel ! [She offers to steal out, and finds the Door fast.] Ha ! the Door lock'd ! Confusion ! I am betray'd ! some Devil has counterplotted me ; shou'd Longville know me, my Revenge, is lost : No matter, I am above his Anger, and am still secure in this, I'll bravely face 'em to the last. [Aside.]

Lon. One Word more, my Lord, and I submit : But since my future Peace depends upon your Answer, I beg you wou'd directly give it me, without the least Enquiry, on what Assurance I demand it.

L. Lov. I'll answer you.

Lon. Then give me instantly an honest Proof, that you have seen me here with Leonora ?

L. Lov. Hell ! and Furies ! Is this your Question ?

Lon. Nay, my Lord, your Promise.

L. Lov. 'Tis true, and there's my Answer.

[Pointing to Leo.]

Lon. There ! how ! where, my Lord ?

L. Lov. Why, there ! there ! Leonora's there ! That's she. [Leo. unmasks.]

Lon. [Amaz'd!] Ha ! — Nay, then ! There's the Devil has bewitch'd us all.

L. Lov. What can this Amazement mean ?

Emi. Why, are you surpriz'd, Brother ? Did not you know that was Leonora.

Lon. — Not I ! by all my Hopes of Happiness ! I took her for a Stranger, and as such have ignorantly convers'd with her : —

Emi. Now, Olivia !

L. Lov. Ha !

Oli. I am amaz'd ! what can this mean ?

Lon. That this Lady, I presume, can best inform us : Madam, I confess, I ought not to expect a Favour from you : But, yet there's something might be done for both our Honours.

Leo. Sir, I have nothing to say to you.

Lon. Madam, I scorn the low Revenge of a publick Triumph : But for your own Sake hear me : I freely own for all you have done to me, I have given you a severe Occasion : But yet, I hope the World, and you will pardon me : I knew you lov'd my Friend, and griev'd that nothing but my exposing you never cou'd wean him from your Eyes : Now, since every Circumstance convinces me, that those Aspersions I now lie under are but the Continuance of your just Revenge, if you'll but clear my Honour by a generous Acknowledgment of what you have done to ruin me ; you bind us all to an eternal Secrecy, and me in any honourable Command to serve you with my Life.

Emi. Dear Madam, cannot this Goodness move you to an Act so just ; nay, and so glorious too for you ? For no one sure can hear your Story told, but must confess your Wit inimitable, and your Revenge uncommon : No Tongue can speak its Praise like yours, whose Art first rais'd it to such a wondrous Height.

Leo. Madam, I read your secret Triumph in your Eyes : But I am above your little Spleen.

Emi. Madam, you wrong my Thoughts ; what I ask'd of you, I was ready to receive as a real Obligation.

Leo. Then Madam, expect none from me.

Lon. Nay, then Madam, we must talk on equal Terms ; Now, my Lord, hear me.

Emi. Hold, Brother, first let me speak : You are the suspected Criminal, and thus I charge you. — About two o'Clock this Afternoon *Olivia*, and I visited my Lady *Manlove*, where we had a full Account from a Gentleman, of your late Quarrel with my Lord *Lov-*

*more :*

more : *Leonora* smil'd at our Intelligence, and to our Amazement, wou'd persuade us, that you were really my Lord's Rival in her Love ; adding withal, that you had lately offer'd Marriage to her : Nay, and to give us a more convincing Proof of it ; she desir'd, that we wou'd see her write to you, which she did, and shew'd us the Letter, wherein she appointed you a Meeting in half an Hour, here, at Mrs. *Siam's*. ————— *Olivia*, more out of a sportive Curiosity, than to satisfy any jealous Thought, begg'd the same Liberty, and she likewise appointed you to meet her in the same half Hour at her Father's.

*Lon.* Ha !

*Emi.* The Letters both were sent : But our Amazement yet continues : *Olivia* is disappointed, and we have found you here with *Leonora* : Now, you are free to answer.

*Lon.* Then Truth's in Labour of my Innocence, and thus she is deliver'd ; there's my Answer.

[*He produces Olivia's Letter.*]

*Oli.* Ha ! what's here, my Lord, *Emilia* ! see, here's the Witchcraft that has wrong'd us all ! my Hand counterfeited by *Leonora* in my own Letter ! see ! she has blotted out my Father's, and interlin'd Mrs. *Siam's*, the very same Place that she had appointed him herself.

*L. Lov.* What have I done ? my Shame confounds me ! How shall I dare to meet him ? [Afside.]

*Oli.* But hold ! there's one thing yet unanswer'd, if there were no Intimacy between you, and *Leonora*, What Encouragement cou'd she have to write to you ? What Answer did you send to her Appointment ?

*Lon.* By all that's sacred, I had no other Letter from *Leonora*, nor any Appointment whatsoever.

*L. Lov.* No, Madam, here I am bound to speak, he never had that Letter ; by a pretended Mistake, I find, it came to me, merely to keep my frantick Jealousy awake ; that brought me hither. [Shows the Letter.]

*Oli.* *Emilia* ! Now I am happy,

*Emi.* O, let me embrace my Brother ! At this Discovery, nothing but Tears, or Madness, can express my Joy.

*Lon.* My dear *Emilia* !

*Leo.* [Aside.] —— Lightning part 'em.

*Oli.* But pray, my Lord, how cou'd you expect to find Mr. *Longville* here, when you knew he had not receiv'd the Letter, wherein *Leonora* had appointed him ?

*L. Lov.* 'Twas written with such malicious Art, it left no Room for Doubt : For here she says, she will meet him at Mrs. *Siam's*, according to his first Appointment : I thought a second needless to a secret Lover, which now with Shame I own, I then believ'd him.

*Lon.* Nay, then your Jealousy was just, my Lord : By Heaven, I cannot blame you now : But since your Temper is recover'd, I beg you wou'd confess your Fears, and give me every jealous Thought, that wrongs my Honour.

[*Emilia unlocks the Door.*

*L. Lov.* By Heaven, by this dear Embrace, I have lost 'em all: O *Charles* ! if thou haft yet one glowing Spark of Friendship in thy Heatt, pity me, for those unwilling Injuries I have done thee ; can't thou forgive me ?

*Lon.* Not while you ask Forgiveness ; that's a Fault I can never pardon.

*L. Lov.* Wilt thou forget 'em ?

*Lon.* Why do you remind me of 'em ?

*Emi.* [To *Leo.*] The Door is open, Madam !

*Leo.* Destruction seize 'em ! Now my last Hopes of him are lost : I have nothing left to hide my swelling Heart ; but to affect Indifference.

*L. Lov.* Methinks I have not aton'd thy injur'd Friendship, till I have confess'd before the faithless *Leonora*, that I am hers no more.— Now, Madam.—

*Leo.* Now, my Lord, are you going to tell me, you have lately discover'd a Secret, that all the Town has known these six Years, which is, that I never car'd one Farthing for you.

*L. Lov.*

L. Lov. This Obligation, Madam, was unnecessary, I needed not this Wit to work me to Indifference.

Leo. Nor I your Indifference to make me angry, your whole Sex is an eternal Subject for my Spleen: How many wretched Fops have I daily at my Feet, who think themselves much nearer to my Heart, than you: Nay, had you not view'd me with another's Eyes, you still had been my Slave, your Love had liv'd on Air, and languish'd in an endless Hope:

*But I confess, you bravely this may boast;*

*Of all the Fools, that knew me to their Cost,*

*You are the first, that e'er my Eyes have lost.* Ex. Leo.

L. Lov. How easily are Men deceiv'd in Love? There's not a Vice now reigning in this Woman, but what appear'd to me the happy Conduct of unerring Virtue: But now the false lethargick Dream is o'er, at last I have thrown the Reins on Reason's Neck, and have out-stripp'd the lagging Mischief far behind me: But here's the careful Guide, that lead me to the Goal! O! Charles! how have I wrong'd thy Friendship, ev'n to the Hazard of thy Life, and Honour? The Crime still hangs upon my faultring Tongue, and Silence speaks my Shame.

Lon. This is too much, my Lord, but if you needs will over-pay the trifling Debt, let me direct your Friendship here. [Turning to Olivia.] I have a starving Heart, that long has been this Lady's Prisoner, here you may exert your Charity: For I perceive I owe her more, than faithful Love can pay.

L. Lov. [To Oli.] When Lovers are so poor in Merit, Madam, Beauty shou'd pass an Act of Grace, and take the Moiety, that Nature lends us.

Oli. My Lord, I see no want of Merit in Mr. Longville. There needs no more to recommend his Cause: And since he has so severely prov'd himself your Friend, I'll make it not his Interest to deceive me.—Mr. Longville, if in those few Years you have talk'd to me of Love, I have been too slow in my Returns, impute it

not to an insensible Neglect: For I have long studied, tho' unable, to repay it: And I perceive your Merit's swoll'n so high, that I am bound in Prudence now to check the Debt, and let it run no farther, your Conduct has deserv'd my Heart, nor do I dare with-hold it longer, lest I should repent hereafter, that it was given so late.

*Lon.* This Goodness is above the Reach of Mortal Virtue, it speaks Divinity; and like the Blessings we receive from Heaven, shou'd only be return'd in silent Adoration.

[*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*

*Oli.* Rise, Sir, from this Moment I am yours.

*Emi.* Now, dear *Olivia*, you are mine too, the Name of Sister binds us ever.

*L. Lov.* This is as it shou'd be, and while my Friend is so, I must be happy.

*Lon.* [Aside to Emi.] And now *Emilia*, there is a blooming Hope for thee, which Time can only ripen: Mean while intrust thy Heart with me, and be assur'd thou ne'er shalt blush, when I think fit to part with it.

*Emi.* This is beyond a Brother's Love: Words are but empty Thanks: My future Conduct best will speak my Gratitude.

*Lon.* Thy Past has well deserv'd my Friendship:— But no more! Here's Company.

Enter Young Rakish.

*Y. Ra.* Hah! dear *Charles*, I am glad I have found you; my Lord, your humble Servant. I have brought a rare Piece of Diversion along with me.

*Lon.* It never cou'd be more welcome; for all you see here, are Friends.

*Y. Ra.* I am glad to hear it: But if you were not, I wou'd engage to make you laugh.

*Lon.* What's the Busines?

*Y. Ra.* Only my Father, and I, that's all.

*L. Lov.* Why truly that's enough to make one laugh at any time.

*Oli.*

Oli. O dear, is this the Gentleman, that is so free with his Father?

Y. Ra. No, Madam; but I am the Son of a Father, that is very free with me; the Soul of me, my Pleasures I mean, of all the Vices this Town affords, (and thank Heaven it's pretty well stock'd) I can't keep one to myself for him; he out-does me at my own Weapon, he out-drinks me, out-whores me, out-sweats me, out-lies me, out-wits me, and (which I'll never forgive him) Me—out-lives me too.

Oli. Why shou'd you wish for his Death! Does not he allow you?

Y. Ra. Yes, Madam, all Manner of Wickedness: But the Devil a Farthing to purchase it.

Oli. How can you live without Money?

Y. Ra. Faith, I begin to be weary of it, and have this very Hour laid a Design to bring the old Gentleman to a reasonable Composition: I have rivall'd him in my Lady *Manlove*, elbow'd him out of her Favour, and have at last squeez'd him out of five hundred Pound, provided I renounce all Title to her Inclinations.

Lon. And have you done it?

Y. Ra. For aught he knows I have, and for aught she knows I have not; in short, I neither design to quit the Lady, nor to keep her any longer, than she serves my Turn.

L. Lov. How so Man?

Y. Ra. She is now below with my Father, chusing her Wedding-Gown, have a little Patience, and the Farce will begin.

Lon. But hark you, *Jack!* have you taken care of her Son, as I desir'd you? I hope he is not gone to St. Omer's?

Y. Ra. No, no, I have spoil'd him for that Journey, I have married him.

Lon. How?

Y. Ra. No harm, I'll warrant you: see! here comes my Father, pray observe us—you'll all stand by me upon Occasion?

*Omnès.*

*Omnis.* All! all!

*Y. Ra.* A Word with you, *Charles.* [They whisper.]

*Enter the Major, with Lady Manlove.*

*Maj.* Wish me Joy, *Charles!* Wish me Joy! —  
Hah! my little *Lovemore* too! Give me thy Hand, my  
dear Boy! Wish me Joy, my Lad!

*L. Lov.* Joy! Of what, *Major?*

*Maj.* Of a rare fleshly Feather-bed, you Wag, and  
two thousand Pound a Year to wallow in — Odsbud,  
she's a Soucer.

*Lon.* Leave it to me.

[To *Y. Ra.*]

*L. Man.* Ladies, your Servant, I protest I little  
thought to find so much good Company upon such a for-  
tunate Occasion.

*Emi.* Mayn't we know the Occasion, Madam?

*L. Man.* I'll swear, Madam, it's such a critical Point,  
I don't know whether my Modesty will be able to go  
through with the Discovery.

*Y. Ra.* If you please to give me leave, Madam, I  
will help you out a little.

*Maj.* Ay! ay! tell 'em my little *Jacky*.

*Y. Ra.* Well, Ladies, now we are all together, the  
short of the Busines is this: This noble Lady here, ge-  
nerously considering my Sufferings under the Tyranny  
of an unnatural Father; and, being sensible, that by  
Reason of my indefatigable Love to her, I was in a per-  
petual Danger of being disinherited, has out of her  
abundant Goodness piously consented to revenge me of  
the said unnatural Father, by this publick Disappoint-  
ment of his Hopes, having to his utter Confusion al-  
ready taken to her loving Husband the individual Person  
of me his lawfully begotten Son — *John Rakib.*

*Maj.* Humh! What is all this? Do you know, Ma-  
dam? What the Devil is it?

*L. Man.* All Truth, Sir, to my Knowledge, the  
whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, so take me,  
*John Rakib.* [Giving him her Hand.]

*Maj.*

Maj. Oones and Hell ! I'll chine that Dog to the Navel. [Draws.

Lon. O, by no Means, Major, prithee put up your Sword, you'll frighten the Ladies.

Maj. Prithee, dear *Charles*, let me come at him : O ! He is a bitter Dog ! I can't bear him.

[Trembling with Passion.

Lon. Psha ! Psha ! Prithee be pacified, if he must be run through the Guts, he will deserve it an Hour hence, as well as now : Besides, I wou'd have you hear what he can say for himself : You know he does not use to be Tongue-tied upon these Occasions.

Maj. Odsbad ! and that's true, my little *Charles* ! I will hear the Dog, I will hear him,—and if I am trick'd, I am satisfied I shall have the Pleasure of half a Dozen rare impudent Faces, from the unrighteous Bastard to back his Roguery however.—Come hither *Jacky*.

Y. Ra. Well, Sir !

Maj. Ay ! That's the Look ! Hark you Iron-face ! Art not thou a perjur'd Rogue ? Do'st not thou expect to be split and broil'd upon the Devil's Gridiron.

Y. Ra. I don't apprehend you, Sir.

Maj. Did'st not thou promise, Dog, to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided I would quit my Title to the five hundred Pound ?

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir ! But I remember what Pains you took at *Locket's* to Day to cheat me of it : Chaw upon that, and then tell me whether you can blame me for what I have done ?

Maj. O ! not in the least, my dear Hell-face ! Thou hast oblig'd me to the last Degree by marrying this Lady here ; the least I can do now is to settle my Estate upon thee, which thou shalt have with a Vengeance ; that is to say, I will instantly make love to her Daughter, offer her my whole Estate for a Jointure, cut off the Entail, get a whole Litter of Children, and disinherit you, you Dog !

Y. Ra. Look you, Sir, there I forbid the Banns, that Lady

Lady is now my Daughter, and I will not have my Family disgrac'd, by admitting such a notorious Rake-hell for my Son-in Law: In short, your Pretences are utterly against my Consent, and I positively declare you never shall have my Blessing.

*Maj.* What a cross old Fellow this is now! Oones! I'd give five Thousand Pound to make the Whelp my Father-in-Law.

*Y. Ra.* Come! come! Sir, for a great deal less Money, you shall still make this Lady my Mother-in-Law.

*Maj.* Ha! say'ſt thou, my little *Jacky*? why, art thou not married, thou dear Dog, art thou not married, Ha! speak?

*Y. Ra.* So far from it, Sir, that upon Condition you will immediately sign this Paper, which will intitle me to four Hundred Pound a Year during Life, and at your Decease the rest of your Estate, I am willing this very Moment to resign the Lady to you.

*L. Man.* Base Man! you won't offer to sell me?

*Y. Ra.* Don't you trouble yourself, Madam, I'll warrant you. [Aside.] And to satisfy you, that my Meaning's honest, the Writing is so drawn, that unless you actually do marry the Lady, you are not oblig'd to give me a Groat.

*Maj.* Say'ſt thou so, my little *Jacky*? [He peruses the Paper.]

*L. Man.* Audacious Villain! have you serv'd me thus: I will be reveng'd. —— Here, Major! [Gives him her Hand.] Upon Condition, you never do give that Villain a Groat, I will marry you this very Moment *Gratis*: Nay, do but engage to disinherit him before To-morrow Morning, and I here immediately promise you six Thousand Pound in ready Gold and Jewels, to satisfy any Extravagance you shall think fit.

*Y. Ra.* So! —— Maj.

Maj. Disinherit, Madam ! Odsbud, your Ladyship's too merciful ! An audacious Rogue ! to think I cou'd be such a Villain to wrong a Lady, Madam, of your unspotted Virtue ! Oons ! I never heard such an impudent Proposal since I was born !—Madam ! If he were now at the Gallows, with the Knot under his left Ear ; nay, if the Word were given for the Cart to drive away, Blood ! and Brimstone ! I wou'd not part with Eighteen-pence to reprieve him.

L. Man. On that Condition, I am entirely yours.

Maj. Oons ! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half Hour, I'll drive your Revenge quite through his Soul ; nay, I'll send for the two Mischief-makers of the Nation, the Parson and the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other Side.

Lon. What the Devil ! shall we do now, *Jack* ! was ever such a Disappointment ?

Y. Ra. Faith ! *Charles*, she has out-trump'd me, that's the Truth on't : But I can't lose all, Man, I have *Pam* in Hand still ?

Lon. What do you mean ?

Y. Ra. Her Son ! her Son, Boy ; the Rogue has chosen me for his Guardian ; he will be here presently, I'll manage him to fetch her about, I warrant you .

Lon. 'Egad, that's lucky, I am glad you are sure of a Trick to save yourself at last, in the mean time, *Jack*, try what a Court-Card will do, play your Impudence upon them.

Y. Ra. Mum !

L. Man. Now, Devil, I am reveng'd of you.

Y. Ra. I fancy not, Madam,— I suppose your Ladyship does not know these are the Writings of your Son *Johnny*'s Estate, by him the said *Johnny*, this very Day stol'n out of your Cabinet ; which, because I am his Guardian, I will thus re-put into my Pocket.

L. Man. Monster ! you his Guardian ?

Y. Ra. At your Service, Madam.

L. Man. You dare not tell me so !

Y. Ra.

*Y. Ra.* O ! I have a great deal more to tell you, Madam, I must have a thousand Pounds out of your Hands To-morrow Morning, to put him and his Wife into an handsome Equipage.

*L. Man.* His Wife !

*Y. Ra.* His Wife, Madam — she has had as good an Education as your Ladyship's Service cou'd afford. — *Lettice*, I think her Name is.

*L. Man.* Undone ! Undone !

*Maj.* Ha ! Madam ! What's the Matter now ?

*L. Man.* O ! My Child's ruin'd ~~for ever~~ !

*Y. Ra.* That's as you please, Madam.

*L. Man.* What says the Monster ?

*Y. Ra.* That your Son, Madam, shall not be ruin'd ; provided you will promise me not to marry that old Fellow there, unless he signs my Settlement. In short, Madam, upon that Condition, I will not only resign your Son, and his Fortune into your Hands again ; but will likewise engage to find a lawful Expedient to disannul his Marriage too ; which if you don't immediately comply with me, shall be an eternal Secret : So ev'n let him squander away his Estate as he pleases, I'll make a shift to glean a handsome Livelihood out on't, I warrant you.

*Em.* Nay, Madam, this is a very generous Proposal : Now if your Son's ruin'd, you are the Occasion of it.

*Off.* We all entreat for him.

*L. Man.* Madam, I beseech you don't name it : I'll not believe a Word he says, I dare swear this is all Sham, a poor Pretence only to get his Ends of me.

*Maj.* Oons, Madam ! you have nick'd it : But if it were true, let me alone to manage him, I know him by Experience : Why, the Dog had the Impudence t'other Day to ask me to lend him fifty Pounds, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour I brought him down to three and six Pence.

*L. Man.* No ! no ! Devil ! I will hear nothing but Revenge.

[*Aside to Y. Ra.*

*Y. Ra.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to provide

vide for myself ; here comes one, I am sure, will stand by me.

Enter *Mas Johnny* with Lettice, and a Gentleman in  
a Parson's Habit.

M. Jo. Tall, lall, lall ! [Singing.] A hey ! Where's Brother-Father-in-Law ?

Y. Ra. Hah ! my little Sprig of Lewdness, how do'ſt thou ?

M. Jo. How do I ? why I am marry'd, Boy ! How shou'd I do ?

Y. Ra. Give you Joy, Madam ! [Saluting Lettice.]

L. Man. What do I see ? Undone ! Ruin'd !

Maj. Humh ! the Parson there too ! Nay then, Mischief is not far off.

M. Jo. Well ! but hark you, *Jahn* ! how do my Mother and you agree ; what, ben't you marry'd yet ?

Y. Ra. O Lord ! Squire, no ! nor am not like to be ; she is just going to be marry'd to my Father.

M. Jo. 'Icod, I thought as much ! Did not I tell you, you did not know her ? Did not I tell you so ? Look you, *Jahn*, there are two Things she never kept in all her Life, that is — a Fast-day, and a Promise ! to my certain Knowledge, her Word is but Wind, and 'Icod, she no more values to break one, than t'other.

Y. Ra. Well, Squire ! it shall never trouble me, as long as I suffer upon your Account : For, to tell you the Truth, the real Occasion of her discarding me, was my friendly Promotion of your Marriage : But there's a very easy Way to reward my Service ; which is, that upon Condition my Father will sign this Writing, you will generously condescend to chuse him for your Guardian.

M. Jo. I'll do't an't were ten times more to serve you : Let's see the Writings, I'll do't, 'Icod.

Y. Ra. There, Sir ! [Gives him the Writings.]

M. Jo. [To the Maj.] Look you, Sir ! You, Mr. — Mr. *Jahn*'s Father here ; I don't know what your Name is, not I : But if you think fit, d'ye see ! to sign this Paper

116 WOMAN'S WIT : Or,  
per, I'll make you my Guardian.—That's all I have  
to say to you,—so take and look it over.

Maj. Let's see it, my dear Lad.

Y. Ra. Madam, I am sensible, a Word from you  
wou'd finish the Busines, if you will stand my Friend, I  
am still ready to disannul your Son's Marriage.

[Aside to Lady Manlove.]

L. Man. Alas ! Heav'n knows I wou'd do it, were  
there but a Possibility of your making your Words true.

Y. Ra. Madam ! This Gentleman's Word and Ho-  
nor shall be your Security.

Lon. Madam, I will engage for him.

L. Lov. And I.

Em. & Oli. And all of us.

L. Man. Well ! I find it's in vain to contend with  
him : Therefore, dear Major, sign it immediately, and  
from this Moment, all I have is yours.

Maj. O, Madam ! a Word from you wou'd make me  
do ten times more ; for the six thousand Pounds in ready  
Gold and Jewels, runs in my Head confoundedly, I  
long to be at it : And as for *Jacky*, I reckon within four  
or five Days I shall nick off this Annuity again at the  
Groom Porters ; and so, have at him. [He signs the  
*Writing*.]—So ! there *Charles*, [Gives it to Longville.]  
You are engag'd to see him perform Articles ; if he  
keeps his Word, much Good may do him.

Y. Ra. Come, Squire, are you contented this Gentle-  
man shall marry your Mother, and be your Guardian ?

M. Jo. Yes, I be !—and so let him take my Writings,  
and pray don't ye cheat me now ! It's for *Jahns* Sake, I  
tell you that.

Y. Ra. Well, Madam, now to dissipate your Fears, in  
one Word, I must acquaint you, that your Son *Johnny*,  
and my Brother elect, is not married.

L. Man. How, not marry'd ! you over-joy me, Sir ;  
make it appear, and you shall never want a Friend in me.

M. Jo. What a Devil makes you raise such a Lye now ?

Y. Ra. Prithee, my dear Squire, don't interrupt us.

M. Jo.

M. Jo. I will 'terrupt you then, what do you shove me for? I be marry'd, so I be! yes I be! I be!

[*Raising his Voice.*

Y. Ra. Silence! Come, Mrs. Lettice, pray satisfy my Lady, and this good Company concerning your suspected Marriage with this young Gentleman.

M. Jo. Ay, ay, do, let her speak, with all my Heart, 'Icod! see! who will prove the Lyar, Mr. Jahn.

Let. Well, Squire! since I must speak then, I declare, before my Lady, and this good Company, that I neither am your Wife, nor ever will be.

Y. Ra. Now, Sir, what say you.

M. Jo. I say she lies—she is my Wife, and you know it well enough, and the Parson knows it too: What Rope did I give him two Crown Pieces for?

Maj. Oons! I don't know what to make of this Business: One says ay! and t'other says no; Prithee, dear Domine put us out of our Pain, come Answer to the Question, are they marry'd, or not?

Gent. I must confess, Sir, at your Son's Request, I did mumble over a Parcel of Words that satisfied the young Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you, that it was not in my Power to injure him that way, I am no Parson: But his humble Servant and Kinsman Ned Friendly. [*Throws off his Gown.*

L. Man. Mr. Friendly! Dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

Let. Madam, upon my Knees I beg your Ladyship's Pardon; I must confess I had like to have marry'd my young Master, had not Mr. Rakiss's Care prevented it: But he soon convinc'd me, what an uneasy Life I must have expected from your Ladyship, and the rest of his Relations: But to satisfy you, Madam, That I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. Rakiss has been pleas'd to give me his Bond to pay me forty Pounds a Year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country, which I faithfully promise your Ladyship

ship to perform To-morrow Morning ; and so, dear Squire, farewell ! Pray wish me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy Days.

M. Jo. [Half crying.] What will you leave me now ? Are these your Tricks ? Pray give me my Purse again, since you won't marry me, young Gentlewoman, you shall have no fine Cloaths, I'll tell you that ! Give me my Purse, wull ye ?

L. Man. Sirrah, let her alone, That Purse you purloin'd from me, and she shall keep it : Nay, to reward her Honesty, I'll present her with this Ring, as an Earnest of my future Kindnes.

*Let.* I humbly thank your Ladyship.

M. Jo. What ! And so I am to be cheated out of my Money too ! This is all long of you—Mr. Jahn ! [Cries,

Y. Ra. Come ! come ! Squire don't be troubled, when you want Money, come to me ; in the mean time, hark you in your Ear : I have as pretty a young Wench in my Eye for you—She will be in Town in two or three Days.—Mum !

M. Jo. Psha ! What do I care for a Wench ! If I can't have her, when I have Mind to it ! Here I thought to have had such a Night on't now ! and now the Parson has said Grace, you tell me I shall go to Dinner a Month hence.

Y. Ra. Why then, to stay your Stomach, go with me to the last Act of the Play, and I'll shew you one that ne'er deny'd a Man twice in her Life.

M. Jo. Ay, so you say ! But I warrant she will pluck me by the Hair, if I offer to meddle with her.

Y. Ra. Come ! come ! I will stand your Friend, observe what I say to your Mother—Madam, your Son is sensible of his Error, and desires your Ladyship will take him into Favour again. And from this time he has promis'd never to disobey you.

M. Jo. No ! no more I won't, indeed Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr. Jahn to see the Play To-night ?

L. Man.

L. Man. Well, be obedient for the future, and no reasonable Freedom shall be deny'd you.

M. Jo. O Lord ! Thank you, dear Mother, 'Icod, I am glad we are Friends again ! Lord ! I am so glad !— Won't ye buss me, Mother.

[Kisses.]

Y. Ra. So ! Now I hope we are all Friends.

Lon. Well, Major ! Are you satisfy'd that your Son has perform'd his Articles ? Shall I deliver him the Writing ?

L. Lov. O ! by all Means ! Upon my Word, Major, he has deserv'd it.

Maj. Why the Dog has done something for't, that's the Truth on't. Tho' I will lay fifty Pounds, I have Seven to Four upon it, before To-morrow Morning.

Y. Ra. Well, Sir ! [To the Maj.] Now I wish you Joy ; and thank you for my Settlement, tho' it's an hundred to one but the World will think you have given it me because you cou'd not help it.

Maj. Ay ! And I warrant, Jacky, they will be apt to say too, that thou art as well satisfy'd as if I had given it thee with a good Will.

Y. Ra. Ay, Sir ! People will out with their bold Truths now and then ; but come, Gentlemen, How shall we dispose of ourselves this Afternoon ? What think you of the Play ?

Lon. With all my Heart ! And after that, I beg my House may entertain us ; where we'll reflect at Leisure upon the happy Changes in our Fortune : But yours, and mine, my Lord, are owing both to the successful Wit of one inveterate Woman : From whence we may observe, that Virtue ever is the secret Care of Providence : Had Leonora been less my Enemy, I never cou'd have prov'd myself so near a Friend : Her plotted Injuries to me, are now my Glory, and her own Dishonour.

And may the blest Event this Truth record,  
That Good and Evil Actions are their own Reward.

# THE E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss C R O S S.

**R**OUR Servant, Gentlemen ; I am come to try  
What I can do to save this Comedy :  
'Twere hard shou'd a Refusal be my Hap,  
When all I ask, is but a harmless Clap.  
A single Critick I'd not fear to maul,  
A Look wou'd soon make one his Doom re-call ;  
But what am I (poor Thing) among you All ?  
Well ! I'm engag'd i'th Cause, and must go through it ;  
You are but Men, and therefore I'll pursue it ;  
I've heard there are some Ladies of the Stage,  
That cock their Eyes, and dare a Critick's Rage :  
Now I wou'd fain, by gentle Softness, move you ;  
Ah ! Jesu ! — How a Clap wou'd make me love you.  
Beaus will be kind, I see it in their Features,  
They are of such tender, melting Natures ; }  
Look now ! Were ever seen such lovely Creatures ; }  
Heaven's ! How their Smiles become 'em ! O ! such Graces !  
I'll swear a Frown wou'd spoil their pretty Faces. }  
Dear Sirs, be kind, and let this Play but pass,  
We'll stop at nothing to deserve the Grace, }  
We'll hang our Stage all round with Looking-Glass. }

F I N I S.

